

PZ
7
S615
N8

FT MEADE
GenColl

E BUNNY HOLIDAY LAND



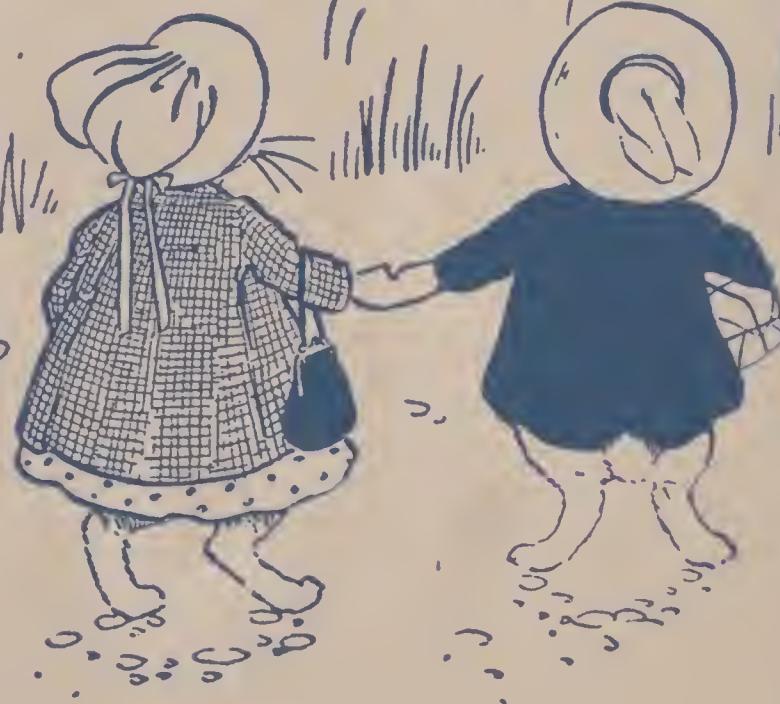
SINDEI AR



Class _____
Book _____

PRESENTED BY

INQUIRE WITHIN





THE PRIMARY SOCIAL STUDIES SERIES

NIXIE BUNNY IN HOLIDAY-LAND



NIXIE BUNNY IN HOLIDAY-LAND

BY
JOSEPH C. SINDELAR



ILLUSTRATIONS BY
HELEN GERALDINE HODGE

CHICAGO
BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY

PZ7
S 615
N

Published
Jan 24, 1915

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY
JOSEPH C. SINDELAR
All rights reserved

Printed in U. S. A.

To
ROBERT JOSEPH
a little boy
who has seen his
first round of holidays
this book
is fondly dedicated
by his father







CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	9
I NIXIE BUNNY	13
II LABOR TOWN	19
III A LITTLE BOY OF LONG AGO	25
IV THE BRAVE CAPTAIN.....	31
V HALLOWEEN	39
VI INDIAN DAYS	45
VII NIXIE'S STORY OF THE PILGRIMS.....	53
VIII THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.....	59
IX IN SANTA-CLAUS LAND.....	65
X THE REAL CHRISTMAS STORY.....	73
XI A HAPPY NEW YEAR.....	81
XII A SLEIGH-RIDE	87
XIII HOW ABRAHAM GREW UP.....	93
XIV SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.....	99
XV FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND	105
XVI MR. EASTER RABBIT.....	113
XVII THE TREES AND THE BIRDS.....	119

XVIII	THE TWO MAY QUEENS.....	125
XIX	THE PEACE ANGEL AND THE EAGLE—I....	131
XX	THE PEACE ANGEL AND THE EAGLE—II...	137
XXI	THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES.....	143
XXII	THE FLAG'S PARTY.....	149
XXIII	THE FOURTH OF JULY.....	153
XXIV	HOME AGAIN	157
	A WORD ABOUT THE BOOK.....	159



INTRODUCTION

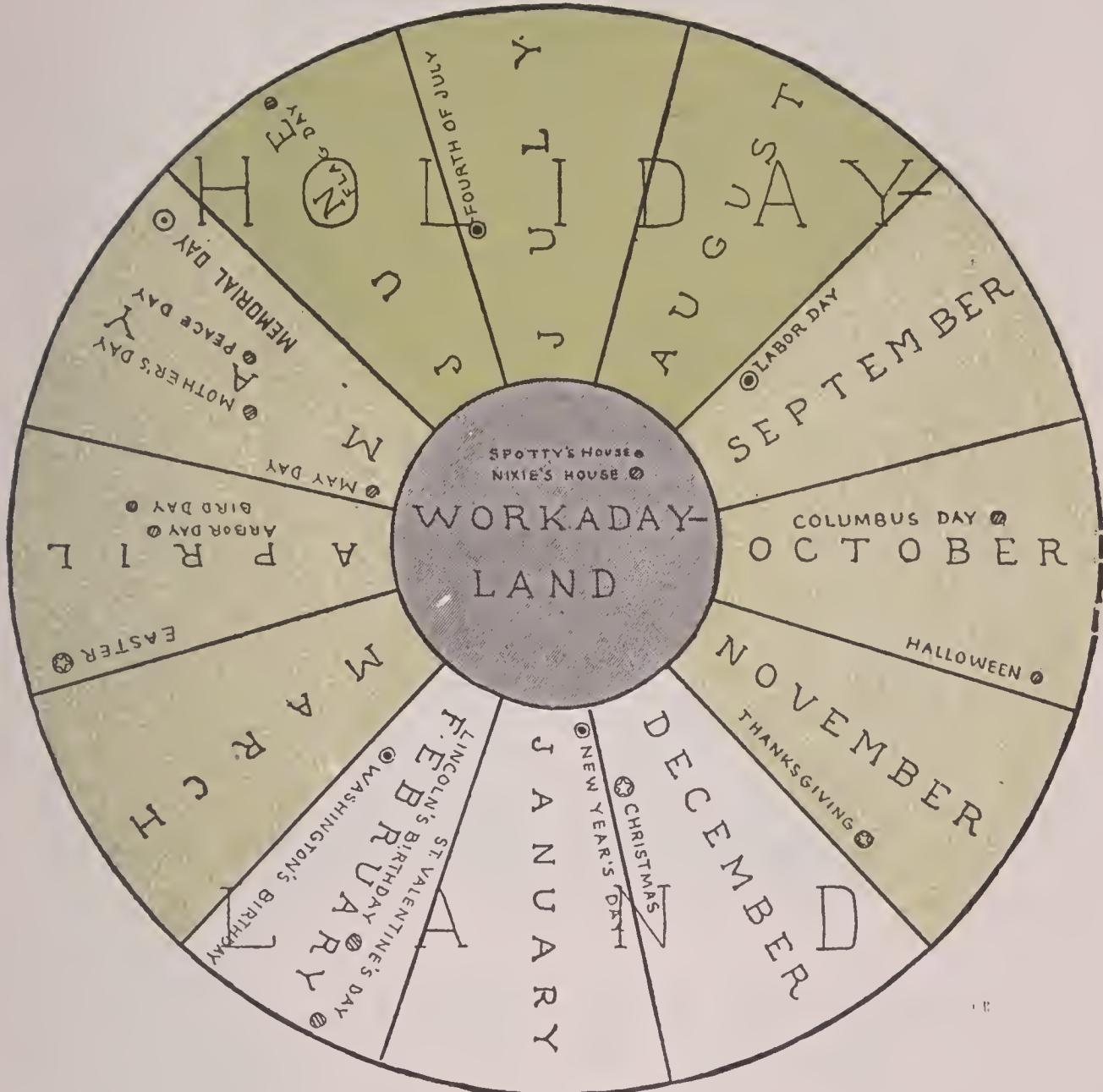


Happy is the child who strays
Into the Land of Holidays!
Where, surely as the sun arises,
Each new day brings its surprises.

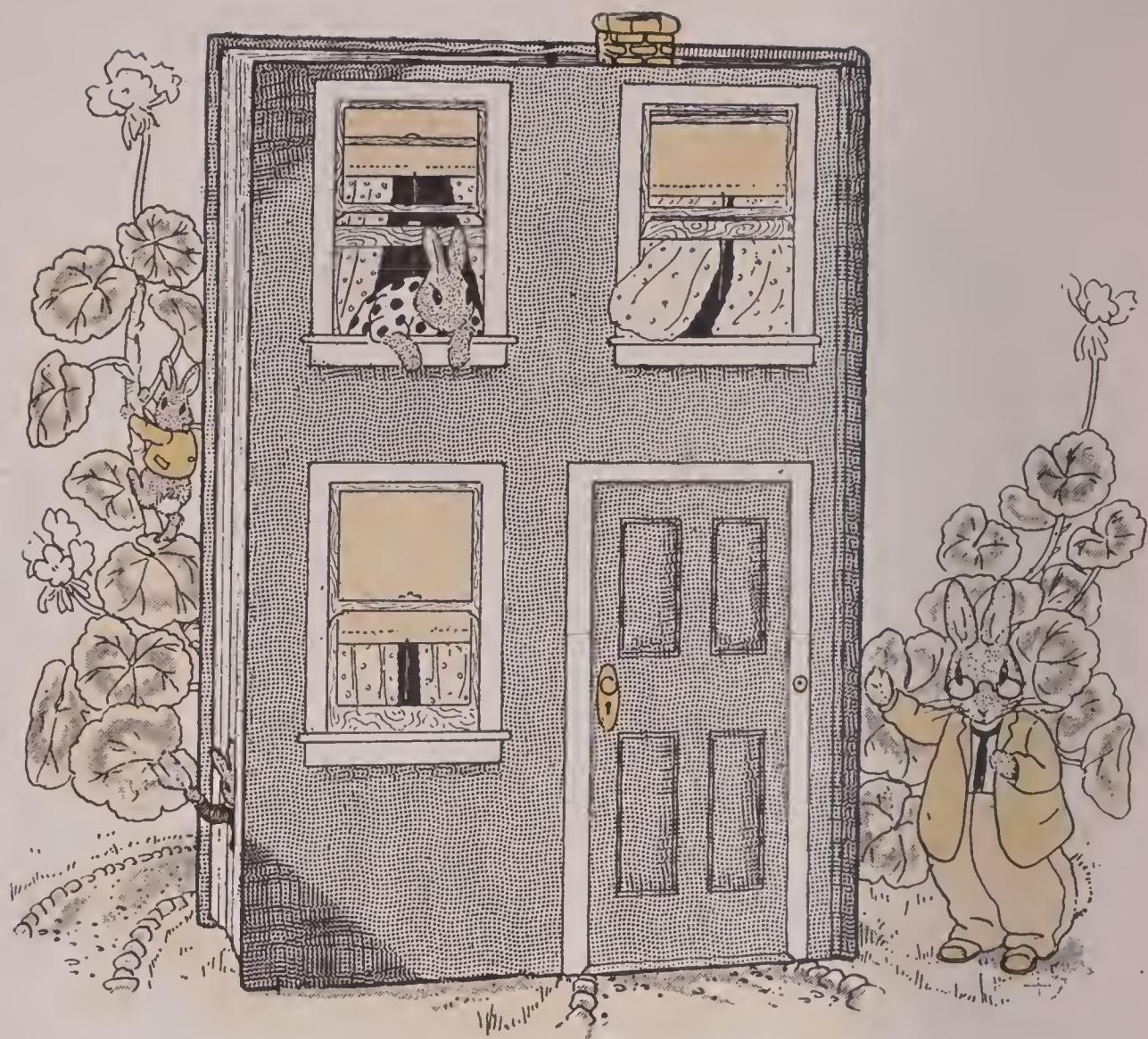
In the pleasant Autumn weather
Holidays bloom close together;
And the Winter, cold and dreary,
Is made by them quite bright and cheery.

Happy is the child who strays
Into the Land of Holidays!
There are many gardens neat,
Where each flower's a story sweet.

As for flowers the Spring's the season,
So, be it by rime or reason,
Holidays are then the cheeriest,
Though in Summer they are merriest.



Come, it is a pleasant day,
Let us go far, far away.
Here are your bonnet and my cap,
There's our satchel, here our map,—
On the map you trace your way
Through the Land of Holiday.



I'm Mr. Nixie Bunny;
My home is in this book.
Now, do you think that funny?—
Just stop and take a look!

And here is Mrs. Bunny,
Good Mrs. Cottontail.
To you it may seem funny,—
But this book is our tale.

NIXIE BUNNY IN HOLIDAY-LAND

I

NIXIE BUNNY

Nixie Bunny was a rabbit. He was a cottontail rabbit. His full name was Nixie Bunny Cottontail.

Nixie lived on a farm with his wife and his son Thumpy, and his daughter, Bunny Girl.

Their home was in Workaday-Land.

The Nixie Bunny Cottontails had another son, Spotty, who was married. He had a home of his own. It was next door to his father's house.

Nixie Bunny had been a farmer for a long time, or what is a long time in a rabbit's life.

He had had to work very hard, and had found little time to go visiting.

But now that the children were grown,

Nixie thought he would like to make a visit to some far country.

He and Mrs. Cottontail had read of a country called Holiday-Land.

They had often talked of visiting there, but they never seemed ready to set out.

Then, one day, something happened which made Nixie decide to go.

Early one spring morning, Mrs. Cottontail had gone over to see what the Spotty Cottontails were doing.

And what do you suppose she found at their house?

I know you can't guess, so I will tell you.

Mrs. Cottontail found two pretty new baby rabbits!

They had come to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Spotty Cottontail in the night.

And the Spotty Cottontails were so pleased, that they were going to have the baby rabbits live with them always.

When Mrs. Cottontail returned home, she said to Nixie, "I have a surprise for you.

You are now Grandpa Cottontail! Two of the dearest little rabbits have come to live with Spotty and his wife!"

Just think of it! Nixie Bunny a grandpa! And he was not yet five years old!

I can tell you, though, that he was glad! "That settles it!" he said.

"Settles what?" asked Mrs. Cottontail in surprise.

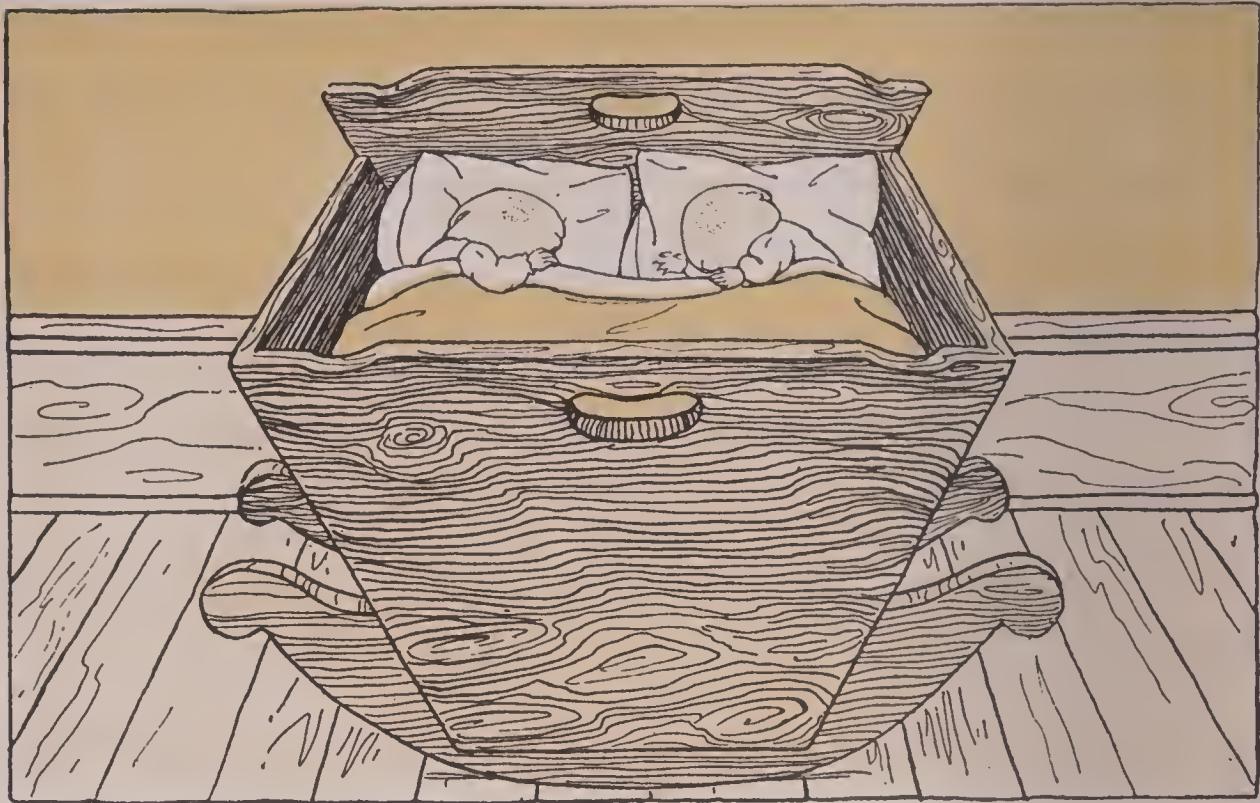
"That settles it!" Nixie said again. "As soon as the little Cottontails are old enough, we will take them with us to Holiday-Land."

"So at last we are going, are we?" Mrs. Cottontail laughed. "Well, I am glad of that.

I am sure the little folks will enjoy it, too."

"I believe Thumpy and Bunny Girl can manage the farm until we come back," said Nixie.

Bunny Girl said the baby boy rabbit looked like his grandfather, Nixie Bunny Cottontail.



So they named him Nixie Bunny Cotton-tail Junior.

But he had such merry brown eyes that every one called him Browny.

The other baby rabbit was a little girl, and they named her Molly, for her mother.

You can see by the picture what pretty little rabbits these two were.

Browny and Molly grew fast.

In a very few weeks they were able to run about and play with other rabbits.

They were old enough, too, to eat the green things from the garden.

But when they were four months old (which is not so very young for a rabbit), Browny and Molly said good-by to their mother and father and Bunny Girl and Thumpy.

Then off they started for Holiday-Land with Grandma and Grandpa Nixie.





One day we packed our satchels
And we went to Labor Town;
There we saw a big procession,
Parading up and down.

II

LABOR TOWN

It was on a Monday that the Cottontails reached Holiday-Land.

It was the first Monday in September.

The place at which they stopped was called Labor Town.

The first thing the Cottontails did was to have their breakfast.

Then Nixie hired an automobile. He drove the car, and Grandma and Browny and Molly sat behind, and off they went.

“Oh, Grandpa!” cried Browny. “Look at the crowd! Look—at—the—crowd!”

What a lot of bunnies there were! There were large bunnies, middle-sized bunnies, small bunnies, and little bits of bunnies.

It looked as though the whole town were on the streets.

“Why are all these bunnies here?” asked Molly.

“Don’t you know?” asked Grandma Cottontail, as she looked in her notebook. “What day of the week is it?”

“Monday,” said Molly.

“But why should there be such a crowd on the streets on Monday?” asked Browny. “I thought people had to work on Monday.”

“So they do,” said Grandpa Nixie. “But you forget you are in Holiday-Land now. There is to be a parade to-day.”

“Whose birthday is it?” asked Molly.

“It is Labor’s birthday,” said Grandma Cottontail.

“That’s right,” said Nixie. “To-day is Labor Day.

Labor Day is the youngest of the Holiday family.

He was born on the first Monday in September, and his birthday is always a holiday.”

“But why is it a holiday?” asked Browny. “I should think that every one would work on Labor Day.

“Labor means work, doesn’t it?”



“Yes, labor means work,” said Nixie.
“But Labor Day means Labor’s holiday.

Labor Day is really a holiday for laborers and working-men, and they almost always have a parade.”

Just then little Molly began to jump up and down.

“Oh, goody, goody!” she cried. “Here comes the band!”

Sure enough, the beating of the drum could be heard—“Rub-a-dub-dub! Rub-a-dub-dub!”

Then every one got into line.
You should have seen the parade!
First came the band.

Then the men marched along like little tin soldiers on parade.

Then the little boys came. I think they marched because they liked the music!

The ladies and the little girls stood on the sidewalks and watched the men and the little boys go by.

They watched the prettily trimmed wagons, too. These were a part of the parade.

At last the end of the long line came, and the parade was over.

“Where are they going now?” asked Browny.

“I suppose they are going to have a picnic in the woods,” said Nixie.

“I hope they will have lots of fun,” said Molly.

“I hope so, too,” said Grandma Cottontail, “for to-morrow they must return to their work.”

“Let us hope they enjoy that, also,” said Grandpa Nixie. “It is good for men to work.”

“It is good for little boys and girls, too,” said Grandma Cottontail.

“To those who work gladly, work is as play;
To those who work sadly, long is the day.

Always remember that, when you have a task to do.”

“And always remember to work honestly and to help every one you can,” said Nixie.



There was a boy of whom I knew,
And he had chances but a few,
But he would try and try and try,—
And he grew famous, by and by.

III

A LITTLE BOY OF LONG AGO

For many days the Cottontails traveled after leaving Labor Town.

Then one morning Nixie said, "To-morrow we shall be at Columbus Town.

Columbus Town is one of the most interesting places in Holiday-Land."

"Why is it called Columbus Town?" asked Browny.

"It was named for Christopher Columbus, the man who discovered America," answered Nixie.

"Tell us all about him, Grandpa," said Molly. "Tell us how he discovered America."

"But, my dear," said Nixie, "I really know very little about it, myself."

(You see, even though he was a grandfather, Nixie wasn't quite five years old! And what child of five years could tell the story?)

Now, as it happened, the next day Nixie met a sailor who knew the story well. And the sailor promised to tell it to the children.

This sailor, I must tell you, was already seven years old. And, of course, those who are seven know ever so much more than those who are only five!

This is the story as the sailor told it, and even the old folks listened to him:

Once there was a little boy—a little boy of long ago.

His name was Christopher Columbus. Wasn't that a strange name for a little boy?

His home was in Italy—sunny Italy, which is across the sea, far away from our own country.

This little boy lived near the sea. He liked to sit and watch the boats, and he liked to listen to the stories that the sailors told.

And often he would say to his father, "Father, I should like to be a sailor."

Christopher made small boats and sailed them in the water.

On Sundays and holidays his father and mother would go to the seashore with their boy.

“Oh, father,” little Christopher would say, “when I am grown, I shall sail a large boat.

Then I shall be a real sailor. I will sail far and away, over the sea.”

“And will you not come back to us?” his mother would ask, sadly.

“Oh, yes,” said Christopher, “I will come back as often as I go.

And, oh, the beautiful things I will bring to you, each time I return!”

Then Christopher’s father said, “For many years your mother and I have been combers of wool.

I had hoped that you, too, would learn the trade, and stay at home, near us.



But if you wish to be a sailor, you must go to school.

You must study geography and learn to draw maps.

You must learn to know the stars, so that you may be guided by them on your way."

So Christopher went to school. He studied geography and learned to draw maps.

He watched the stars and learned their names.

He also made friends with a sea captain, who told him many stories of strange sights and foreign lands.

How Christopher would listen!

How eager he was to go with the captain!

Then one day the sea captain said he had a place for another sailor.

Christopher Columbus was only fourteen years old, but he said he would like the place.

So his friend took him away in the ship.

Columbus had to work hard, as most sailors do.

He studied hard, and soon learned the things about a ship and the sea that a good sailor must know.

He made many voyages, and he became a captain when he was still young.

He grew to be a wise and brave captain.

He also made maps, which he sold to other captains.

But the maps which Columbus made were very different from those we now have.

At that time no one knew about our country.

The people who lived in the lands far across the ocean did not know that there was such a country as America.

Here the sailor stopped.

“My, how strange!” said Browny.

The sailor looked at his watch. He saw that it was long past the time when the little Cottontails should be in bed.

So he said good-night and went away. But he promised to return the next evening, to finish his story.



I sometimes spend an hour or so
Making my boats a-sailing go;
I sail them east, I sail them west,
Whichever way they sail the best.

How can that be? Where is my sea?
My tub's my sea! You will agree
That it is plenty large enough;—
And, then, the sea is never rough!

IV

THE BRAVE CAPTAIN

Browny and Molly could hardly wait until the next evening, to hear the rest of the story.

Soon after supper was over, there was a knock at the door.

“Oh, goody, goody!” cried Browny and Molly. “It’s the sailor-man!”

And, sure enough, it was.

Nixie said, “Come in. I am very glad to see you.”

“The children have been talking about you all day,” said Grandma Cottontail.

“Well, I am glad to hear that!” said the sailor.

Then he picked Browny up in his arms and said, “I suppose you would like to hear the rest of the story?”

And both the little rabbits cried, “Yes, sir!”

“Let’s see, where did we leave off?” asked the sailor.

“I know!” said Molly. “We left off where Columbus was making maps.”

“And he didn’t have America on the map, because no one knew, then, that there was such a country,” Browny added.

“That’s right! That’s right!” said the sailor. “Now I believe I can go on.”

So he began:

As long as America wasn’t on the map, and no one knew about it, the captains couldn’t sail their ships there.

So the sailors went to a very rich country far to the east, called India.

They brought back many things from India, but they had to travel a long distance.

The voyage was a hard one.

Columbus believed that he could find a shorter and better way.

All the other sailors went to the east. Columbus wanted to sail to the west. He said, “I believe the earth is round.



If it is round, I think this way will be shorter."

He needed a ship, so that he could sail across the ocean to India.

But he was too poor to buy a ship, and nobody was willing to help him get one.

Most people made fun of his plans. Some thought he was crazy.

A few believed as Columbus did, but even they would not help him.

After many years, he found a friend who

helped him. This friend was Isabella, Queen of Spain.

She gave him three ships. They were very small, but Columbus was glad to have them.

But now he had a hard time finding sailors to go with him.

No one, then, had sailed around the globe.

No one, then, had even dared to sail very far out on the ocean to the west of Europe.

The people called this ocean the “Sea of Darkness.” Now we call it the Atlantic Ocean.

No one knew, then, what lands lay west of the Atlantic Ocean.

At last Columbus sailed away from Spain in one of his ships. The other two followed.

They sailed to the west, on the “Sea of Darkness.”

People said they would never come back.

But Columbus felt sure they were going to find a shorter way to India.

They sailed for many long days, and all that they could see was water.

At last the men began to think that they were sailing on an ocean which had no end.

They tried to make Columbus turn back, but he said he would not give up.

He was a brave captain, and he tried to make his sailors brave.

He said, "I'll give a velvet coat to the man who sees land first."

The very next day a flock of land birds flew by the ships.

The branch of a tree came floating by, also. It was covered with red berries.

The sailors now felt sure that land was near. They were no longer afraid.

That night Columbus saw a moving light in the distance.

Soon after that a gun was fired from one of the ships. This was a sign that land was in sight.

The next morning Columbus saw the

shores of a beautiful island. There were many trees growing on it.

How glad he was!

How glad the sailors were!

When they went on shore they kissed the ground, they were so happy to feel it under their feet once more.

It was the twelfth day of October.

Columbus believed that he had reached India.

So he called the red men whom he found here "Indians."

But we know the land was not India.

It was a new world that Columbus had found. He had discovered America.

As the sailor finished his story, Molly said, "Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Glad about what, Bun?" asked Grandma. ("Bun" was her pet name for Molly.)

"Oh, I'm so glad about everything!" said Molly.

"I'm glad that Queen Isabella gave Columbus those ships.

I'm glad that Columbus made the sailors keep on until he found America.

I'm glad that we are all here. And I'm glad that you're my grandma, and that Nixie is my grandpa, and that Browny is my brother!"

Of course every one laughed at that.

Then they all thanked the sailor for the good story he had told them.

It was late, so the sailor said good-night and went home, and the Cottontails went to bed.



One day we took some pumpkins,
And cut the insides out;
And then we cut out noses,
And eyes and teeth and mouth.

We boys each got a candle,
And fastened it inside:
That made a Jack-o'-lantern,—
And lots of fun, beside.

V

HALLOWEEN

The next place the Cottontails visited was Halloween.

It was at the end of October, the very last day of the month.

Nixie and Browny were sitting at the window of their hotel, when—what do you suppose happened?

A long line of boys came marching past. Every one of them carried a large pumpkin.

“Look, Grandpa! look!” cried Browny. “What a lot of pumpkins!”

“Well, well!” said Nixie. “I guess the boys are going to have a big time this evening.”

“What are they going to do with all the pumpkins?” asked Browny.

“Are they going to make pumpkin pies? Oh, what a lot of pies there will be!”

“Pies!” cried Nixie. “Not one of the

pumpkins will ever see the inside of an oven.

Do you see that boy across the way? He has a pumpkin. He has a knife, too.

Do you see what he is doing with his pumpkin?"

"Why, yes," said Browny. "He is cutting it up."

"No," said Nixie, "he isn't cutting it up. He has cut out the inside part.

See the two big round holes he has cut near the top. Those are meant to look like eyes.

See the queer little nose he has made on the face of the pumpkin, and the large, funny mouth he is cutting.

When he finishes the cutting, he will put a little candle inside.

Then, after dark, he will light the candle.

He will call his pumpkin a Jack-o'-lantern.

The boys will have a merry time, for to-night is Halloween."

And a merry time the boys did have.



How many funny pumpkin heads the Cottontails saw that evening!

Each pumpkin had a lighted candle inside. The Jack-o'-lanterns sat on the fences. They looked in at the windows. They marched along the streets. They sat on the steps.

Grandma said, "The fairies must have been working hard."

"What are fairies?" asked Molly.

"Fairies," said Grandma, "are good-natured spirits that help people. Or, at least, that is what they used to be."

I am told that there are good and bad fairies now, just as there are good and bad people.

The good fairies are sometimes called brownies.

The bad fairies are called witches.

Years ago, many people thought that on Halloween witches and brownies came out from their hiding-places.

They would go about playing jokes on people. Sometimes they would do kind deeds.

They would pull up roots of cabbages and turnips and other plants. These they would hang over people's doors.

It was said that the cabbage or other root brought good luck to the first one who came in through that door."

"Can we see any of the fairies?" asked Browny.

"Well, sometimes," said Grandma.

"The good fairies are those that help people.

Sometimes they leave baskets of food for

poor people, and sometimes they leave clothes to wear.

Sometimes they help with the work.

But when your door-bell rings, and you hear some one running away, you can tell that a bad fairy has been there.

The last fairy I saw doing this looked like a little boy.

Sometimes such fairies steal gates and make bonfires.

These, you may be sure, are very, very bad fairies.

Or perhaps they are not fairies at all, but wicked goblins."





And now comes Indian Summer,
The sweetest time of year,
With its warm and pleasant weather,
And hazy atmosphere.

“And what is Indian Summer?”
Ah, ha! so don’t you know?
It’s the time when Indian spirits
Go marching to and fro.

VI

INDIAN DAYS

The next day was the first day of November.

That day the Cottontails went to pay a visit to a farmer. Nixie had known him when they both were little boys.

The farmer's house stood on a hill. There were no other houses near it.

But there were trees around it, and fields lay all about it.

From the house the Cottontails could see the gardener out in the yard. He was raking and burning the fallen leaves.

Browny said, "Grandpa, may we go out to watch the gardener?"

"Yes, run along," said Nixie.

So while Nixie and Grandma Cottontail talked with the farmer and his wife, Browny and Molly ran out to watch the gardener at his work.

The sun was setting. The cows were coming home from pasture. The old gardener was singing at his work.

Browny and Molly stood near him.

“Why are you doing that?” Browny asked.

“To clear the ground before the cold weather sets in,” said the gardener. “It is now Indian Summer.”

“What is Indian Summer?” asked Molly.

“Indian Summer,” said the gardener, “is the spell of nice warm weather that we have late in the autumn.

Don’t you feel the pleasant dry air? And don’t you know what fine moonlight nights we are having?”

“Are we?” said Browny. “But why is it called Indian Summer?”

“I suppose it is because then all the Indians come back,” said the gardener.

“You know, years and years ago—long before my great-great-great-grandfather was born—there used to be many Indians around here.”

“How many?” asked Molly.



“Thousands and thousands,” said the gardener.

“Real Indians?” asked Browny.

“Yes, indeed,” said the gardener. “Real, living Indians. There were no painted wooden ones in those days.

There were Indians all around here.

Do you see the corn standing in shocks out in the field?

Well, some of the Indians’ houses used to look very much like those shocks. Only they were built in the woods, and not out in the fields. They were called wigwams.”

Just then the gardener threw more leaves on the fire, and he and the two little bunnies sat down to watch them burn.

Browny and Molly sat very close to the gardener.

“Don’t be afraid,” he said. “There are no Indians around here now.

They have been gone for many, many years.”

“Where did they all go?” asked Molly.

“Many of them died and the rest were chased away by the white men,” said the gardener.

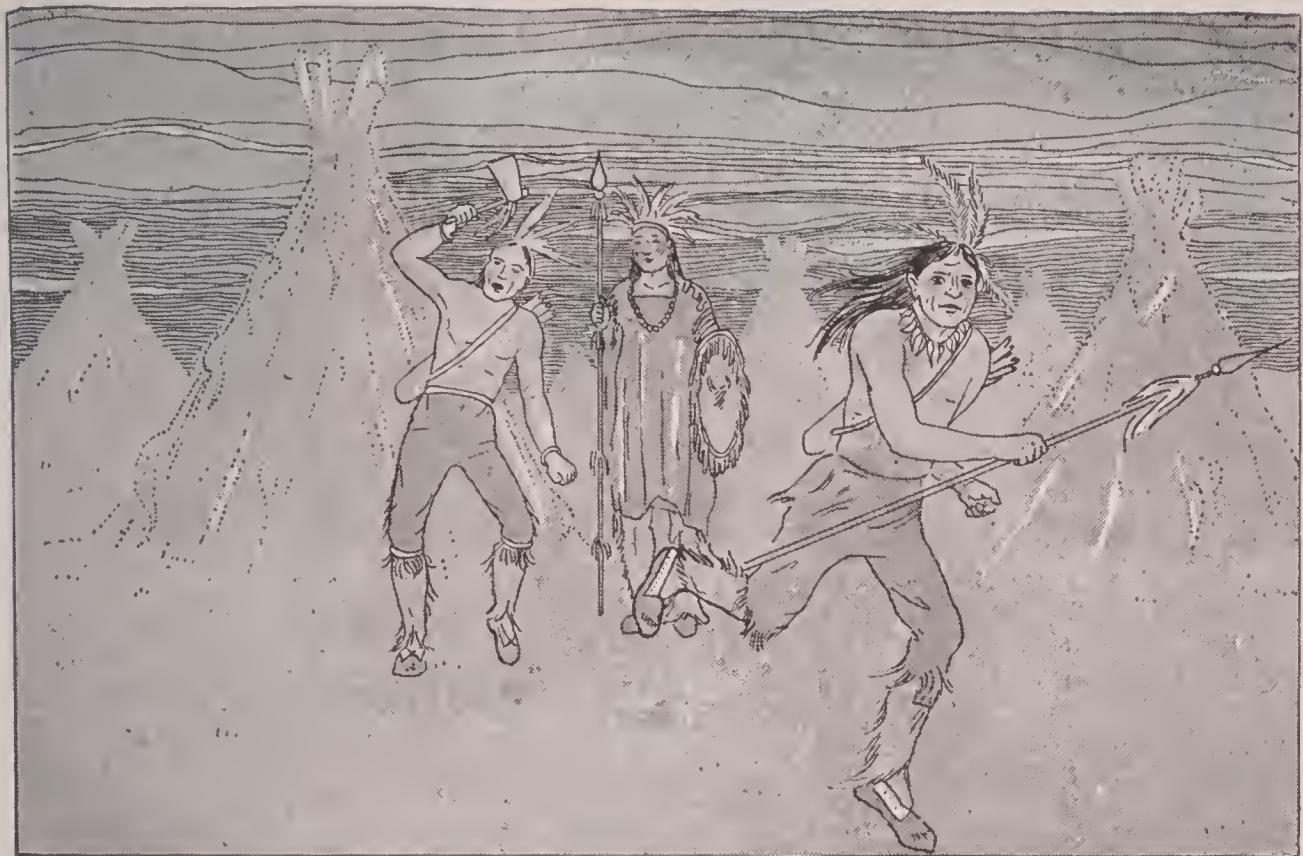
“And are there none left—anywhere?” asked Browny.

“Oh, yes, there are still some,” said the gardener, “but they are many, many miles from here.”

“And can they ever come back?” asked Molly.

“Yes,” said the gardener, “every year, about this time, they all come back. At least, their spirits do.

Do you notice how hazy the air looks?



Well, it always looks that way before the Indian spirits come.

Ah, they are here now!

It isn't too dark to see them.

Look straight ahead of you. Look there, in the fields.

Do you see the Indians marching and dancing?

They are all around us now.

Do you see their wigwams?

They look like corn-shocks, to be sure, but they are Indian houses, or wigwams.

Do you notice that smoky smell in the air?

Oh, no, that isn't from the burning leaves. It isn't that, at all.

That comes from the Indian camp fires and the Indian pipes.

But soon all the Indians will go marching away, back to their happy hunting ground."

"What is the happy hunting ground?" asked Browny.

"It is the Indian's idea of heaven," said the gardener.

"The Indian likes to hunt buffalo and kill bears. So he believes that after he dies he will go to a beautiful country, where he may take his dog and go hunting.

He calls this country his happy hunting ground.

But next year you will see the Indians all here again.

Every one of them will be here. There will be as many here as there were when the Pilgrims first came."

"Who were the Pilgrims?" asked Molly.

“Why, don’t you know?” said the gardener. “They were some of the first white people who came to live in America.”

“Will you tell us about them?” asked Browny.

“You had better ask your grandpa to tell you about the Pilgrims,” said the gardener.

“It is getting late now. Unless we hurry we shall miss our supper.”





Should you have liked to be
A Pilgrim girl or boy,
And come across the sea,
And seldom have a toy?

Should you have liked to meet
A lot of red men bold,
And not have much to eat,
And suffer with the cold?

VII

NIXIE'S STORY OF THE PILGRIMS

The Cottontails visited for a number of days with the good farmer and his wife.

The little bunnies made a great friend of the gardener.

You may be sure they were sorry to leave when the time came to say good-by.

But the Cottontails had many other places to visit and they could stay no longer on this pleasant farm.

“Where are we going now?” asked Browny.

“We are on our way to Thanksgiving,” said Nixie.

“Where is Thanksgiving?” asked Molly.

“Why, it’s right down near the end of the November map,” said Grandma Cottontail.

Then she pulled the map out of her traveling bag and showed the two bunnies just where Thanksgiving was.

Perhaps you have never heard of a November map.

Well, the Cottontails called the calendar their map.

Isn't that strange?

"Thanksgiving is the last Thursday in the month," said Nixie.

Then Molly asked, "Will you tell us the story of the Pilgrims, Grandpa?"

"Well," said Nixie, "the story of the Pilgrims is really the story of Thanksgiving. I will tell you about both at one time."

And here is the story as Nixie told it to the two little bunnies:

Long, long, long ago there were no white men in America.

There were only Indians, or red men.

After a while the white men began to come here from Europe.

Some of the first to come were the Pilgrims.

These people called themselves Pilgrims because they went from place to place. Do

you wonder why they did that? I will tell you.

The Pilgrims first lived in England.

But they were not happy there, because the king said they must belong to his church.

He said, "If you will not obey, I will put you in prison."

They wished to be free, so they said, "Let us go away from this country. Let us go to Holland."

So they left their old homes and sailed away to Holland.

The Dutch people, who lived in Holland, were very kind to the Pilgrims.

Then the Pilgrim children began to grow up. In a few years they were not at all like other English children.

They even spoke Dutch, like the little boys and girls of Holland.

This troubled the Pilgrim fathers and mothers.

They said, "We cannot stay here. We must find a home that will be more our own."



Look at our children, playing with the Dutch children there.

See how different they are from children in England. They even speak a different language.

It should not be so."

At last the Pilgrims made up their minds to come to America.

They sailed away from Holland, in a boat called the *Mayflower*.

There were about one hundred people on the boat. There were fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, and little children.

They were on the ocean for two long months.

A baby boy was born in the ship. They called him "Oceanus," because he was born on the ocean.

Here is a picture of his cradle.

The Pilgrims reached America in the winter. The weather was very cold.

The ground was hard and bare. All that the Pilgrims could see were rocks and sand.

On one of these rocks the Pilgrims landed. It is now called Plymouth Rock.



Here Nixie stopped.

Then Grandma said, "Oh, that isn't the way I've heard the story of Thanksgiving!"

You haven't told about the turkeys and about the Indians that came to the feast!"

"I am afraid you have never known the whole story," said Nixie.

"The Indians, and the turkeys and other good things, came last of all. We shall soon get to them."



On Thanksgiving Day we should give thanks,
As did the Pilgrims brave of yore.
Thanks for meat, and drink, and things we
have,
And for things we hope may lie in store.

VIII

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

The next morning it snowed and snowed. Then weren't the Cottontails happy!

If there is anything that delights the heart of a bunny, it is snow.

"Now we must be near Thanksgiving," said Molly.

"Please tell us the rest of the Pilgrims' story, Grandpa," said Browny.

So Grandma and Molly and Browny all sat down to hear the rest of Nixie's story.

This is it, just as he told it:

When the Pilgrims left their ship and went on shore, they looked about to see if they couldn't find the houses of any white people.

But they saw only some Indians and Indian wigwams. They were afraid of the Indians.

The Indians were afraid of the white men, too. When they saw any white men they would run away.

But after a while some of them became the friends of the white men.

That first winter the Pilgrims had a hard time. Many of them died, because they were so cold and hungry.

You see, they couldn't buy clothes to wear and things to eat, because there were no stores.

There were no schools, nor churches, nor big buildings of any kind. There weren't even any streets.

At first the Pilgrims built one big log house for all of them to live in. But later they built a house for each family.

At last the winter was over.

The days grew warmer and the ground softer.

Then the Indians showed the white men how to plant corn in the soft ground. The Pilgrims had never seen corn before, for corn did not grow in England and Holland.

Every one worked hard during the summer.

The summer sunshine ripened the corn, and in the autumn the Pilgrims had a good harvest.

In the forests were wild ducks and geese and big wild turkeys.

In the woods grapes and plums and berries grew.

Besides, the Pilgrims had fish and clams from the sea.

All this made them very happy.

“We shall have enough to eat, this winter,” said the Pilgrims.



“We should thank God for his goodness to us. Let us have a day of thanksgiving.”

So they had the first Thanksgiving.

They gave a great feast and invited the Indians to it. Almost a hundred red men came.

In the morning all the Pilgrims went to church. They sang hymns and thanked God for his goodness.

After church came the feast.

My, what a lot of good things the Pilgrim mothers had cooked!

The Indians had brought several fine deer, which they had killed in the woods.

Then the Pilgrims had turkey for dinner, just as we do now. Only their turkeys were wild ones.

So the Indians, the Pilgrim fathers, the Pilgrim mothers, and the little children all sat down together.

After dinner was over they played games and ran races.

The Indians had such a good time that they stayed three days.



So, you see, the first Thanksgiving was really three days long.

Ever since that time Thanksgiving has been kept in our country:

Every year our fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers have found something to be thankful for.

And every year the little children have wished that Thanksgiving might be three days long, as the first Thanksgiving was.

“That would be fine!” said Browny. “Oh, what fun we could have in a Thanksgiving three whole days long!”

But Molly said, “There would be too many dishes to wash.”



Where the sleighbells tinkle sweetest,
Where the reindeer are the fleetest,
Where the falling snowflakes bless us,
And the winds so cold caress us,
There let us wander hand in hand,
For that is Santa Claus' land.

IX

IN SANTA-CLAUS LAND

The Cottontails had a big dinner on Thanksgiving Day. And Browny and Molly had much fun, besides.

But both bunnies ate more than was really good for them.

They went to bed early, as Nixie said that the next day they would start for the Christmas holiday. This holiday was only a month away.

That night Browny had a dream.
And this is what he dreamed:

He was away up in the North Land. It was, oh, so much farther north than the Eskimo country!

All the ice was rock candy. All the snow was sugar.

The houses were made of chocolate, and the animals were made of gingerbread.

Not all of the animals, but all except eight of them.

These eight were reindeer, and they belonged to a very, very old man. His name was Santa Claus.

The whole country was owned by this old man. So it was called Santa-Claus Land.

Mr. Santa Claus himself lived in a chocolate palace in Santa-Claus Land.

Right in front of his palace stood two great Christmas trees.

Back of it were growing a million or more little evergreen trees.

These were going to be Christmas trees for a million or more families.

And all around the palace grew holly bushes, covered with shiny red berries.

But all this was nothing compared with what was inside the palace!

Browny climbed the broad flight of chocolate stairs and went up to the great front door.

A brownie opened the door. He was dressed in a red suit, with gold buttons on



his coat, and with gold braid down the sides of his trousers.

“What can I do for you, Your Royal Highness?” he asked.

For a moment Browny did not know what to say. How should you like to be called “Your Royal Highness”?

At last Browny said, “I have come to see Mr. Santa Claus. Is he at home?”

“This way, please,” said the polite little brownie. “Mr. Santa Claus will be glad to see you.”

As Browny passed through the palace he noticed everywhere piles and piles and piles of things for Christmas.

There were several piles of popcorn balls. So big were the piles, that they seemed to Browny almost as high as a mountain.

There were other piles of candy and nuts and fruits and toys and dolls. These piles, too, were ever so big!

And there were hundreds of brownies working away and making thousands of other toys.

Browny passed many, many piles of toys.

Then he asked, "What are you going to do with all these?"

"The earth is large," said the brownie, "and every one in Santa-Claus Land must work until there is at least one toy for every boy and every girl."

"And none for the little cottontails?" Browny asked.

"Oh, yes," said the red brownie. "There must be one for every little cottontail boy and girl, too."

Just then they came to a door marked, "Santa Claus. Only children may enter."

The red brownie swung the door open,

and Browny saw a white-haired man sitting in a large chair at a large desk.

When the old man saw Browny, he turned about in his chair.

“I am glad to see you,” he said. “Won’t you have a chair?”

Then they talked. When Browny saw how old Santa Claus was, he said, “I suppose that this year you will send one of your helpers to deliver the Christmas presents.

It would make you too tired to do it yourself, I am sure.”

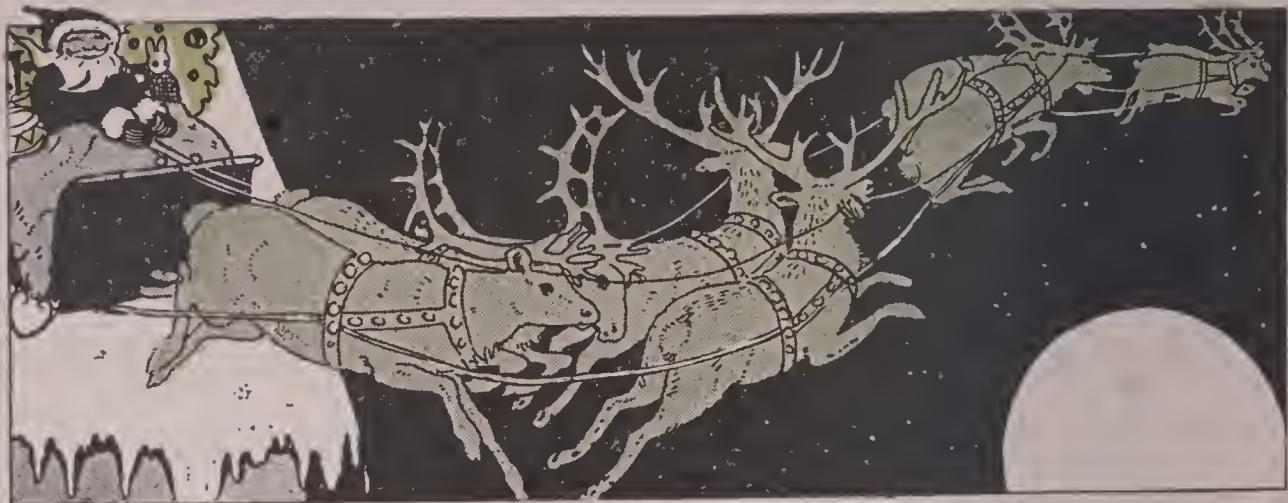
“No, no!” said Santa Claus. “My helpers attend to the workshop. But I must deliver the presents myself.

What would the children think if Santa Claus did not come?”

Then his face grew bright and rosy, and, oh, how young he seemed!

“I am no older to-day,” said Santa Claus, “than I was when your mother was a little girl. Indeed, I am as young now as when your great-great-grandmother was a baby!”

Then to show Browny how young he



really was, Santa Claus went out into the yard and caught each of his eight reindeer by the horns.

He had the brownies hitch them to his sleigh and he took the little rabbit for a long ride.

Browny spent the night with Santa Claus and in the morning the brownies filled the sleigh and Santa's bag with toys and candy.

Now they were ready to start on their long journey to the earth.

How swiftly the reindeer galloped! And how happy Santa Claus was, now that he was off to take his toys and his good cheer everywhere he went!

Soon he would be scrambling down the

chimneys, to fill the stockings that hung in rows by the fireplaces.

They were already on the top of a large, high building that must have been the home of many families.

The reindeer were going very fast. The two that led the rest seemed not to notice how near the edge of the roof they were.

Then over they went, with sleigh, Santa Claus, toys, and all!

They were going down—down—down!

Suddenly, there was a heavy thump on the floor. Browny woke up.

He had fallen out of bed! This was only a dream, and he had had it because he had eaten too much on Thanksgiving Day.





“Happy is the morn of Christmas,”
Sang the children gay,
“Happy is the morn!” sang birdie
In his roundelay.

“Why should you be happy?” asked
The children of the bird.
“Happy I!” said he, “because
I heard a happy word!”

X

THE REAL CHRISTMAS STORY

The next morning Browny told Nixie and Grandma Cottontail and Molly of the dream he had had.

And, oh, how they all laughed!

Then Molly asked, "Do you know any Christmas stories, Grandma?"

"Only one," said Grandma.

"A Santa Claus story?" asked Browny.

"No," said Grandma. "The story I know is the real Christmas story."

"Oh, how I should like to hear the real Christmas story!" cried Molly. "Tell it to us, Grandma!"

"Not until the night before Christmas," said Grandma.

The little Cottontails could hardly wait. Each day they would ask, "Will to-night be the night before Christmas?"

At last the night for the story came.

First Grandma made the two little bunnies promise to go to bed as soon as the story was told. Then she began her real Christmas story.

Here it is:

Many, many years ago, a carpenter named Joseph lived in a little town called Nazareth. Nazareth was in a small country called Palestine, which is across the sea and far away.

Joseph was born in Bethlehem, another little town of Palestine.

This country of Palestine was a small part of a very great land over which one man ruled.

This ruler wished to find out how many people lived in his land.

And how do you suppose he did it?

He made all the people go to the towns in which they had been born, to be counted.

As Joseph had been born in Bethlehem, he and Mary, his wife, had to go there to be counted.

Nazareth was not so very far from Bethlehem. It was only about eighty miles away.

But there were no fast trains or electric cars in those days.

Some people traveled on horses, some on camels, and others on donkeys.

Joseph was too poor to own horses or camels. And he had but one donkey.

How were he and Mary to get to Bethlehem?

He made up a small bundle of food and clothing, and got his donkey ready.

Then early one morning he helped Mary mount on the donkey's back.

She should ride, and he would walk beside her.

So they started for Bethlehem, and traveled for four days. They were very tired when at last they reached the town.



They found the inn, or hotel, full of people.

The inn-keeper said there was no room for them, not even for Mary.

“You may go into the stable and sleep there, in the hay,” the inn-keeper said.

Joseph and Mary were thankful for even so much.

And there, in the stable, with the cattle all around, a little baby was born that night.

He was a very wonderful child.

Mary named him Jesus, but we often call him the Christ Child.

Then they wrapped little Christ Jesus up and laid him—where do you suppose?

There was no cradle, nor bed, nor crib in which to put him.

So they laid this wonderful baby in a manger—a box from which the cattle ate their food.

All the stars shone very brightly that night.

The angels sang in heaven. They knew

about the wonderful child, and they knew that he had come to help the people on earth to be good.

By and by many people came to see little Jesus, for they had heard that a wonderful child was to be born in Bethlehem.

Even the shepherds left their sheep, and went to see the child.

The Christ Child grew strong and beautiful.

He loved everybody, and most of all little children. And he taught the whole world how people should love one another.

He was the best Christmas present this world has ever had.

This is the reason we love Christmas Day so much. And this is why we try to make other people happy.

When Grandma Cottontail finished her story, the two little Cottontails went to bed, just as they had promised.

They had never heard the real Christmas

story. And they hadn't known before what Christmas really meant.

They made up their minds always to be kind to everybody. They meant to help other people and love other people more.

The little bunnies thought so many things that they forgot about Christmas presents. They forgot to hang up their stockings!

So when Santa Claus came in the night and found no stockings, what do you suppose he did?

He laid the presents right on their beds! Wasn't that kind of him?

And how surprised the little Cottontails

were when they awoke the next morning!

They dressed quickly and ran downstairs.

“Merry Christmas, Grandma!”

they shouted, “Merry Christmas, Grandpa! Just see what we found on our beds!”



Then Browny climbed on Nixie's knee and hugged him, and Molly climbed into Grandma's lap and hugged her.

They hugged so tight that Grandma and Grandpa could hardly say, "Merry Christmas!" to the little bunnies.

Molly said, "I love you, Grandma. I love Grandpa Nixie, too. And I love my mamma and my papa, and Browny, and everybody else."

"And so you should," said Grandma.





Happy New Year!
A Happy New Year to all!
People tall, children small,
And animals in the wood,—
A wish for everything good
For the New Year!

XI

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

The two little Cottontails put on their cloaks and their mittens.

“We are going to the woods,” they said, “to wish all the animals a Happy New Year.”

Grandma and Grandpa Cottontail smiled at that.

Grandma said, “Don’t be long, buns. And don’t you get lost!”

Jack Frost had put snow on the ground and ice on the pond.

He had painted pictures on the windows of all the houses. As they went along the road Browny and Molly could see the pictures.

The snow on the road was hard under their feet, but that in the woods was soft and nice.

In the snow the Cottontails could see the



footprints of animals, and many tiny bird tracks.

They followed the tracks. These led to an open space among the trees.

Over this open space the tree-tops came together like a canopy.

Before Browny and Molly reached the open space they heard voices. It sounded as though a great many animals were talking.

All of them were talking at once. And each animal was talking in his own way.

The noise was like that at a circus.

As Browny and Molly came to the open space they stopped. Sure enough, a great many animals and birds were gathered there.

The little rabbits called, “Happy New Year! A happy New Year to all!”

The other animals turned and looked at them.

“What do you mean by that?” asked the fox.

You would think that any one as sly as a fox would know. But he didn’t!

And none of the other animals had ever before heard of New Year’s Day.

“Why — why — why,” Browny said, “didn’t you hear the bells ringing last night for a glad New Year?”

“I heard the bells ringing,” said the fox. “But what has that to do with the new year?”

Browny and Molly really did not know. They were wondering what to say when they heard a sort of “swish!” and a white-winged fairy stood before them.

The Fairy said, “The bells were ringing to say that to-day would be the birthday of a new year.

It brings us a new winter, spring,

summer, and autumn. Each season in turn seems lovelier than the rest.

The new year brings us twelve new months. January is the first month.

New Year's Day is the first day. It is also a holiday.

It is followed by a whole year of days.

Each day brings something new. And each day brings a birthday to some one.

January is a happy little fellow. His eyes sparkle like diamonds."

"They do," said the snow-bird. And snow-birds ought to know!

Then the Fairy said, "January is a good leader, too. On the first day of the year—New Year's Day—he says to the months and days that follow him:

'I will show you the way to Better Land, where every one tries hard to do better than he has ever done before.'

There, work is like play, because it is so willingly and cheerfully done.

There, every little boy and girl does his or her best to make other people happy.

Smiles fly about like little birds. No cross words are spoken, and no naughty things are done.'

January says to all children, 'If you would go to Better Land, you must begin to-day to be good.'

You must speak kindly and behave well on New Year's Day, because those who are good on New Year's Day find it easier to be good the whole year through.'"

Then, before any one knew it, the Fairy was gone.

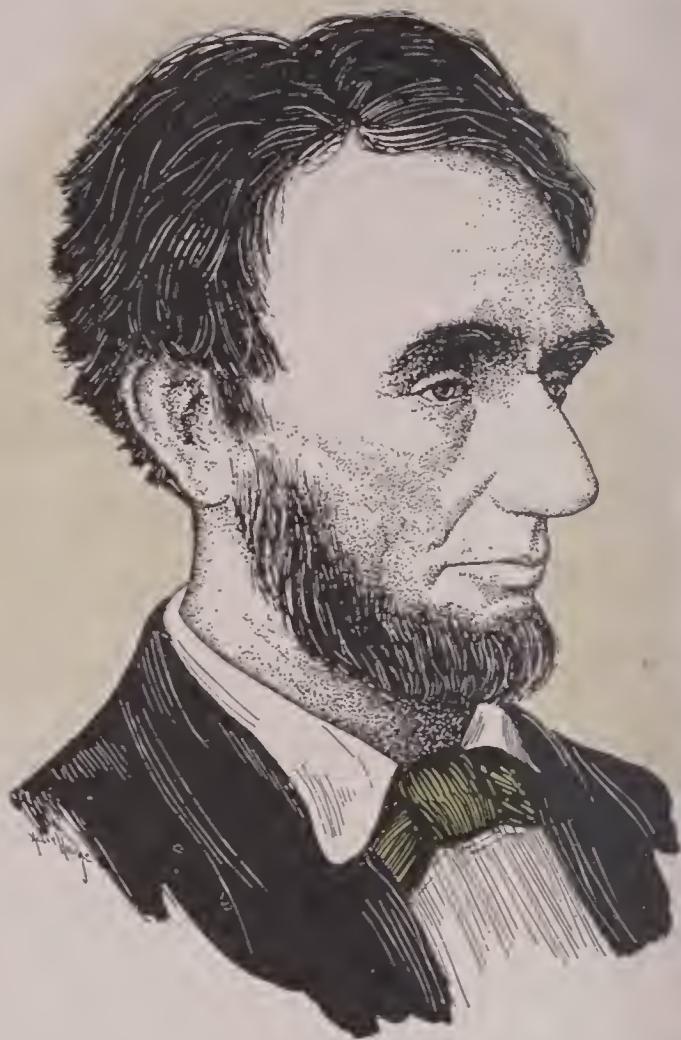
Browny and Molly faced the birds and animals.

"Now do you know what New Year's Day means?" they asked.

"And are you glad that it is here? If you are, say 'Happy New Year!'"

Then all the animals shouted, "Happy New Year! Happy New Year!"

Such a noise as they made was never before heard in the woods. And I believe they meant every word of what they said, which is more than people always do.



If you had a wish,
And you had but one,
For what would you wish?—
For a doll or a gun?

If I had a wish,
Or had I three,
Like Abraham Lincoln
I'd wish to be!

XII

A SLEIGH-RIDE

Late one evening the Cottontails were sitting before the fire, when some one knocked at the door.

It was their friend January.

He had come to bid them good-by. He was going away, not to be back for a whole year.

But he had brought with him a little fellow named February. February said he would show the Cottontails through his part of Holiday-Land.

When the two months had left, Molly said, "Isn't February little!"

"He is little," said Nixie. "He is the shortest of the months, but one of the brightest of all the year."

And it wasn't long before the Cottontails found how true this was.

It was the twelfth of the month when

February called for the Cottontails in his sleigh. He was going to give them a ride.

“Where are we going?” Browny asked.

“Whose birthday is it?” asked February.

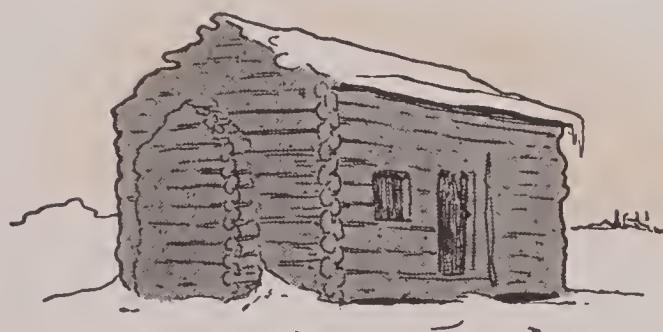
But, I am ashamed to tell you, neither of the little Cottontails knew.

Grandma had to tell them that it was Abraham Lincoln’s birthday.

“And Abraham Lincoln was a very great man,” she said.

“We are going to visit some places that knew Lincoln,” said February.

The merry bells tinkled, and the horses almost flew across the snow. Faster and faster and faster they went!



They stopped at a little log cabin, on a small, lonely farm in Kentucky.

February said, “This is where a little poor boy named Abraham Lincoln was born.”

“What a very poor house!” said Nixie.

“Yes,” said February, “there was no glass in the one little square window and no door in the doorway.

Over both of these openings skins were sometimes hung to keep out the cold and the wind.

There was no floor except the hard earth.”

“And did he always live here?” said Browny.

“No,” said February, “when Abraham was seven years old his family moved from Kentucky to Indiana.”

Then February cracked his whip, and off they started for Lincoln’s second home.

“We travel so fast,” said February, “that we shall be there in a few minutes.

But it took the Lincoln family almost a week to go from the old home to the new.

And poor little Abraham had to walk most of the way.”

As they reached the spot, February said, “Here, in the woods, far away from any one, Abraham’s father built his second log cabin.

It was a sort of shed and had only three sides.

The fourth side was open, and there was nothing to keep out the cold and the rain and the snow.

In this hut the family lived through the winter.

The father was busy cutting down trees and getting logs ready for a better cabin.



Before the next winter the new home was ready. This cabin had four sides to it. You see, it was much like the little old cabin

in which Abraham Lincoln was born.

It had a wide fireplace at one end, with the chimney built against the outside of the house.

The furniture in it was home-made.

Abe's father split a large log and made a table by driving into it four stout sticks for legs.

Then he made some three-legged stools. These were used in the place of chairs.

Little Abe helped as much as he could. He was growing tall and strong and he could use an axe almost as well as a man.

There was a loft in the cabin and Abraham slept in one corner of this loft. And do you know what kind of bed he had?"

Even Grandpa Nixie didn't know and couldn't guess.

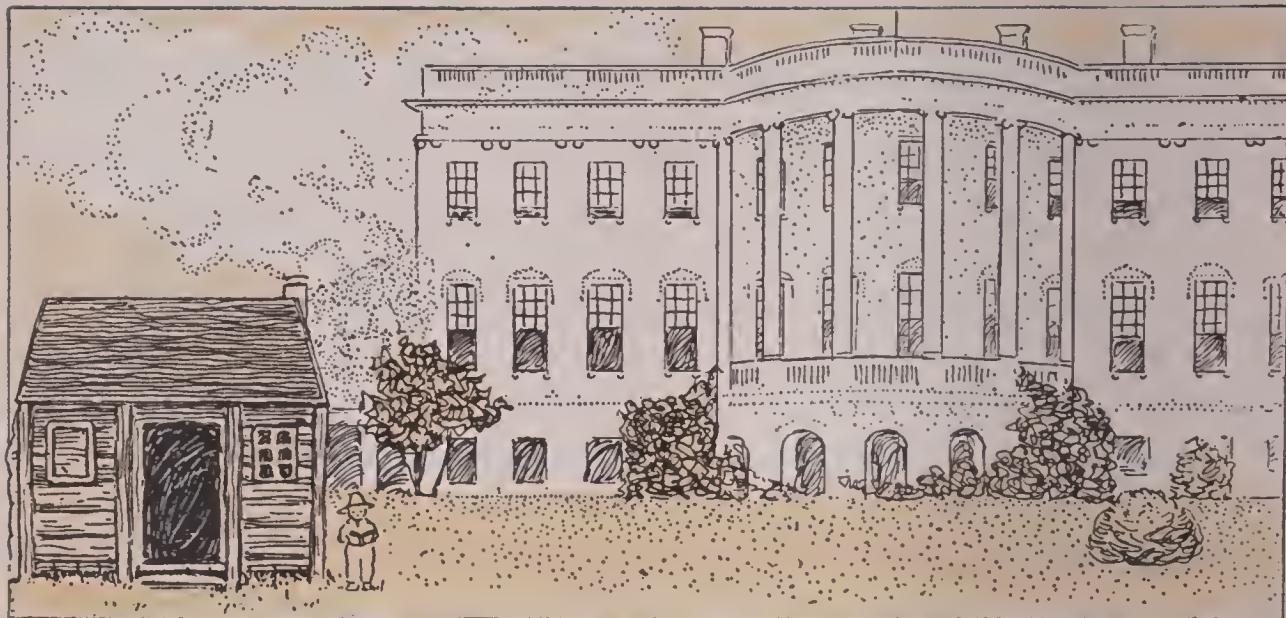
"He had a big bag of dry leaves for a bed," said February.

"How would you like to have such a bed, little Cottontails?"

Browny said, "I don't believe I should like it."

"I am quite sure I shouldn't like it, at all!" said Molly.





I open the book and read a page
Of Abraham Lincoln's day,
And then to myself I say:
Oh-ho, heigh-ho, but the world's a stage!

In a small log cabin, first, we see
A boy who lovingly looks
On paper, pen, and books,
Although not one of these has he.

The stately White House, next, we find
The home of our cabin lad,
Who improved each chance he had,—
Now our President good and kind.

XIII

HOW ABRAHAM GREW UP

February turned his horses about, and soon they were galloping away.

“Where are we going now?” asked Molly.

“If you cannot guess, I will not tell you,” said February.

Where do you suppose they were going?

It seemed by the twinkle in Grandma’s and Grandpa’s eyes that they must know.

If they did know, they didn’t say a word.

“As we have a long way to go,” said February, “I will tell you how Abraham loved to study.

There were very few schools in the part of the country in which Abe lived.

The one nearest his home was almost five miles away. It was kept open for only a few months of each year.

Abe went to this school as often as he could. But he had to help his father on

the farm, so he could not go to school very often.

Here he learned to read and write a little, but he wished to know more.

His mother helped him with his studies when she could.

When the rest of the family had gone to bed, Abe would sit up and study by the light of the log fire.

He did not have many books, so he borrowed all the books he could find in the neighborhood.

He would read each one over and over again.

Once a neighbor lent him a story of the life of George Washington.

He read it day and night, and carried it to bed with him.

At night he would put the book between the logs of the cabin wall, beside his bed. He wanted it where he could get it the first thing in the morning.

One night it rained hard and the book got wet.



It was spoiled! What was Abe to do?
He was frightened.

He took it back to the neighbor.

'I am very sorry about your book,' he said, 'but it got wet. What can I do to pay for it?'

The neighbor said, 'If you will come and work for me in the cornfield for three days, you may keep the book.'

It made Abe so happy to have a book of his own that he did not mind the hard work.

He liked to do sums in arithmetic, and to write, almost as much as he liked to read.

His father was too poor to buy paper and pens, so Abe had to do without them.

He did his sums on the back of a wooden fire-shovel. For a pencil he used a burnt stick or a piece of charcoal.

Whenever he read anything he liked very much he would copy it into a blank-book.

Sometimes he wrote little pieces of his own about things which interested him.

This is one of them:

Good boys who to their books apply,
Will all be great men by and by.

You can see how true Abe's copy was, for when he grew up he became a great lawyer. People went to him when they were in trouble.

He was a good man, and every one who knew him well loved and trusted him.

He was so honest and fair in all his work that he was called Honest Abe.

The people of our country thought so much of him that they made him President of the United States.



And the little boy who was born in a log cabin went to live in the White House.

‘The White House,’ you know, is what we call the beautiful, stately old mansion in which our President always lives.”

As February said this, he stopped his horses.

“And here it is,” he added.

To be sure, here they were, before the White House. How surprised the Cotton-tails were!

Again the merry bells tinkled, and again the proud horses sprang into the air.

Before the clock struck ten the Cotton-tails were safe in their beds.



Will you be my Valentine?
Smile on me, and, rain or shine,
Play with me, and I shall be
Happy quite, and full of glee!

XIV

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY

The next morning Grandpa Nixie said to Browny and Molly:

“To-morrow will be Saint Valentine’s Day. You must send valentines to your mamma and papa.”

“Where shall we get them?” asked Molly.

“And what are they?” asked Browny.

“Why, every baby knows what a valentine is!” said Nixie.

“But these two little bunnies don’t,” said Grandma. “You know last Saint Valentine’s Day came before they were born.”

“That’s so, isn’t it!” cried Nixie. “Well, I had forgotten. And I suppose they have never heard the Valentine story.”

“Of course not,” said Grandma.

Then Nixie took a bunny on each knee and told them how there happened to be a Saint Valentine’s Day.

This is the story just as Nixie told it:

A long time ago there lived a priest named Valentine.

Every one knew him because of the many kind things he did.

He nursed the sick. He gave clothes and food to the poor.

He grew flowers and gave them to the children, whom he dearly loved.

Then the kind priest grew too old to go among his people. This made him feel very sad.

He wished to help them in some way.

So he began writing loving messages to those who were sick and in trouble.

Soon his friends began to watch for the kind words of the good man. The messages made them feel happy.

Even the little children would say when they were sick, "I think Father Valentine will send me a letter to-day."

But after a time no more letters were received. The good old man had died.

Then every one said that such a man was good enough to be called a saint.

And from that day to this he has been known as Saint Valentine.

People remembered how much he had done to make others happy, and wished they might be more like him.

So they began to celebrate his birthday by sending gifts and messages of love to their friends.

These were called “valentines.”

This all happened years ago, but good St. Valentine is still remembered on the fourteenth day of each February.

“So, now, if you are ready,” said Grandma, “I will show you how to make valentines to send to your mamma and papa.”

She gave each of the bunnies a pair of scissors and a sheet of white paper.

Then she showed them how to cut a heart out of the white paper, and gave them little red hearts to paste around the edges of the big white heart.

Next Grandma gave Molly a picture of a little bunny girl, to paste on her valentine.



And to Browny she gave a picture of a little bunny boy, to paste on his valentine.

At last the valentines were made.

Then Grandma said, "Now each of you may write whatever you wish on your valentine."

And what do you suppose the bunnies wrote?

Molly thought hard for a while. Then she wrote:

Dear Mamma mine,
Let me be
Your Valentine.

I wish, Papa dear,
That you were here.
I love you both.

Browny waited until Molly had finished her valentine.

He wished to see what she had written, and to write something better on his if he could.



So he wrote on his valentine:

I love you, Mamma;
You are my star,
Shining afar.

I love you, Papa;
You are my moon—
I'll be home soon!

Of course this last seemed very funny, and every one laughed.

But don't you feel sure that Browny's and Molly's mamma and papa thought both valentines very nice?



Chief of our heroes
And best of them all:
Our first President,—
Once he, too, was small.

XV

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

“Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!” came a sound of bells.

Browny ran out to see who was coming.

Then he ran in again. “It’s February,” he said. “Come on—hurry!”

Molly looked out at the window. “It is February!” she cried. “Oh, goody!”

February had come to give the Cottontails another ride.

This time he had a large white sleigh, drawn by four white horses.

It was piled high with soft cushions and robes of fur.

The horses had bows of red, white, and blue ribbon in their manes and tails.

The lines, too, were wound with ribbons of red, white, and blue.

As the Cottontails came out, February said, “I am glad to see you again.



Jump in! I think you will find the seats nice and soft. And there are plenty of covers to keep you warm."

Then "crack" went the whip, "tinkle" went the bells, and over the snow they sped.

Presently the horses stopped at a large plantation, or farm, on the bank of a great river.

"We are in Virginia now," said February. "That great river is the Potomac. Here, in a house on the bank, George Washington was born."

"But where is the house?" asked Molly.

"The house burned down when George was a little boy," said February.

"But do you see the large stone there? That tells us that George Washington was

born here on the twenty-second of February, many years ago."

"So it does," said Nixie. "And where did he live after that?"

"On another plantation," said February, "only a short distance away."

And in a few minutes they were there.

This house had stood near another beautiful river.

"Right down this path," said February, "little George used to go to the river to fish and swim.

He was a tall, strong boy, and he used to run races and jump fences like other boys.

He had a pretty pony, too, that he loved very much.

He called the pony Hero, and he used to ride it about the plantation."

"Didn't George Washington ever go to school?" asked Browny.



“Yes, indeed,” said February. “If he hadn’t gone to school he couldn’t have grown to be the wise man he was.

George went to a small schoolhouse which stood on his father’s farm. He and a few other boys were the only scholars.

George learned to read and write at this school.

He used to like to write. In one of his writing books he copied many good rules or sayings.

One of these was, ‘Always speak the truth.’

He also wrote, ‘Be careful to keep your promise,’ and ‘Always do your best.’

But, of course, little George was not always copying good sayings.



He liked to play games and have all sorts of fun. Best of all games, he liked to play at being a soldier. The boys liked to have George for their captain.

He gave his soldiers cornstalks and broomsticks for guns and swords. Then they pretended to fight with the Indians."

"But where is the cherry tree?" Browny asked.

"What cherry tree?" asked February.

"Oh, I suppose Browny is thinking of the story of the hatchet and the cherry tree," said Grandma.

"Tell us about it, Grandpa!" said Molly.

This is how Nixie told the story:



Once George's father gave him a nice, bright, sharp little hatchet. And, of course, George was very proud of it.

He went around trying it on everything and seeing how well it could cut.

At last he went into the orchard. He saw there a young cherry tree.

He said to that cherry tree, "Get out of my way, or I will cut you down with my nice, bright, sharp little hatchet."

The tree waved its saucy branches at him and said, "You can't cut me down!"

But little George did cut it down. And then he felt very sorry.

His father was angry, of course. But George told the truth about it, and his father said he would rather lose a thousand cherry trees than have his son tell a lie.

Then Grandma said, "George Washington was a good son to his mother. And he was always polite and thoughtful of others."

"He was," said February. "And when he grew up he became a great soldier. He led our armies in a great war with England. He made America free from English rule.

After the war was over, and Washington

had made America free, the people chose him for President. He was the first President of the United States.

People call him the Father of His Country because he did so much for us and helped to make our country great."

Then February turned his horses about and started for home.

"But," he said, "we must stop on the way to see the beautiful house in which Washington lived with his wife, Martha Washington."

And so they did.

It was called Mount Vernon, and here is a picture of it.





Pretty are the colored eggs,
And the Easter flowers
Bloom in spite of chilly winds
And the snowflake showers.

Pretty are Dame Nature's ways,
Interesting her habits,—
But, oh, what would our Easter be,
Without the Easter rabbits!

XVI

MR. EASTER RABBIT

It was almost the end of March when the Cottontails started for Easter Town. And the wind was blowing, blowing, blowing.

“Oo-yoo, yoo-oo-oo!” it was blowing.

“Is it saying something?” asked Molly.

“I believe it is,” said Grandma. “Listen!”

Then Molly and Browny and Grandma and Nixie all listened.

And this is what they heard the wind saying:

“Oo-yoo, yoo-oo, you beau-ti-ful flowers, wake up, wake up!

Oo-yoo-oo, you Easter lilies, you violets, and you tulips, wake up!

Wake up, oo-yoo, you trees and grasses and buds!

Wake up, yoo-oo, you sleeping butterflies in your cocoons!

Wake up, you little chicks in the eggs!
Wake up, you squirrels and bears!
You have been sleeping long enough,
yoo-oo-oo!

The sun is here, and so is the rain. They are calling you back to life.

“Wake up! wake up! Oo-yoo-oo, yoo-oo!” “That is glad news the wind is blowing,” said Nixie. “And we should be thankful to hear it.

I have heard my grandfather speak of a time when the wind was telling a different story.”

“Please tell us the story!” said Browny. “It was about Mr. Easter Rabbit,” said Nixie.

And this is the way Nixie’s grandfather used to tell it:

Once, in a far-off country, no rain had fallen for many months.

Only a few of the seeds planted by the farmers came up.

The sun was very hot. The few seeds

that did raise their heads above the earth were soon burned to the ground.

Everything was dead. There were no flowers, no fruits, no vegetables, no grains.

This greatly troubled the fathers and mothers in that far-off country.

The people still had enough to eat, but they had to be very saving of the things that had been left from the year before.

And no one had any money.

When Christmas came, few gifts were received by the children.

But the children did not miss them, as in this country Easter was the holiday when presents were mostly given.

As Easter drew near, the fathers and mothers grew more and more troubled.

How could they buy presents for the children when there was no money?

It was hard to get even coarse bread, now.

But as the weather grew warmer, the hens began to lay more eggs.

Then the mothers had a meeting.

One of them said, "We can give the children eggs for presents."

"But," said another, "these the children have every day. Eggs would be no treat."

So they went back to their homes, more unhappy than ever.

They said, "The children will be very sad, but we cannot help it.

Easter Sunday must come and go like any other Sunday."

But that night one mother thought of a way to surprise her children.

She could hardly wait until morning to tell the rest of the mothers about it.

Before the next night all the mothers knew and were happy. But not one of the children knew!

When Easter Sunday came, the people all went to church.

After church, the fathers and mothers said they would go to the woods.

And the children should go with them.

"For," said one mother, "the early spring flowers may be in bloom."

At last all the fathers and mothers and children reached the woods. Suddenly shouts were heard from the children.

“See what I have found!”

“A red one!”

“A yellow one!”

“A blue one!”

They ran to their mothers to show what they had found.

Each child had a hatful of colored eggs.

“Who laid them there?” asked the children.

“They can’t be birds’ eggs, for they are too large. And who ever heard of hens laying red and yellow and blue eggs!”

Just then a large rabbit jumped out from among the bushes and ran away.

“It must have been the rabbit who laid the pretty colored eggs!” cried a little girl.

And her mother said, “Perhaps it was Mr. Easter Rabbit.”

And all the children cheered.

“Hurrah for the rabbit!” they cried.

“Hurrah for Mr. Easter Rabbit!”



Sing! Sing!
Of what shall I sing?
Sing of days that are here,
Sing of those that are near.
Sing! Sing!
Sing of everything!

Sing! Sing!
Of what shall I sing?
Sing of birds, sing of trees,
Sing of flowers—all of these.
Sing! Sing!
Sing of everything!

XVII

THE TREES AND THE BIRDS

Browny and Molly thought Nixie's story a very good story indeed.

The Cottontails reached Easter Town only a few days later. And on Easter Sunday the two little bunnies got their share of colored Easter eggs.

Then, one day, Browny looked out at the window. His head came just above the window-sill.

Far away he could see green trees waving, and birds flying about.

“Oh, Grandma,” he said, “let us go to the place where all the trees are waving!”

And so Grandpa and Grandma and Browny and Molly went out.

They went where the trees were waving, and where the birds were flying about.

Among the trees they saw a little school-house, all white and green.

There were boys and girls in the school yard. They were planting little green trees near the big trees which were waving their branches.

“See,” said Nixie, “the boys have dug holes in the ground. They have made the holes just large enough to hold the roots of the little trees.”

Then the Cottontails watched.

One of the boys held a little tree in place. Other boys and some of the girls spread out the roots in the hole and covered them with soil.

“Why are they planting the tree?” asked Molly.

“Because it is April,” said Grandma Cottontail, “and to-day is Arbor Day. Arbor Day is the trees’ holiday.”

By and by the tree was planted. The children formed in a circle around it, and sang a pretty tree song.

They thanked the trees for making the school yard look so pretty. They thanked them for the shade they gave in summer.



They thanked the trees for their fruits, and for the wood they gave.

One of the big trees said, "Oh, I'm glad that the pleasant days have come again!"

Soon the robins and the bluebirds will sit among my branches and sing.

Little girls with yellow curls will make a playhouse in my shade. The boys will climb my limbs and laugh and shout.

Wouldn't you like to be a tree and have all this merry company?"

Just then a pair of birds flew up into the branches of the big tree.

One of them said, "The trees are full of leaves now. We can build our nest."

Then he began to sing. The other bird listened.

Both of them were happy because they had found a pleasant place in which to build their nest.

The tree asked, "What are you singing about, little bird?"

And the bird answered, "Everything—nothing! It is because Mrs. Bird and I are so happy that I sing.

This tree was our home last year. We had four little speckled eggs in our nest.

Then four little birds were hatched."

"I remember," said the tree. "Then you sang louder and more sweetly than ever."

"And worked harder, too," said Mrs. Bird.

"We had to work, to keep our little ones from being hungry.

But no one was happier than we were. That is why we have come back again this year."

"I hope you may be as happy here as you were last year," said the tree.

"All the boys who come to this school

know how much good the birds can do.
They never harm the birds.

The little girls love the sweet songs of
the birds. They love their pretty feathers.

As for myself, I am glad to have you
make your home in my branches."

"Thank you, Mr. Tree," said Mr. Bird.
"I know we shall be happy here."

"So that the children might learn to
remember the trees and the birds, there
came to be two more holidays," said Nixie.

"What two?" asked Molly.

"Why, Arbor Day and Bird Day, of
course!" said Nixie.





We are going out to play,
For to-day's the first of May,
And our May Queen must be crowned,
And our Maypole danced around.

But there'll come another day—
That one, too, belongs to May—
Best of all the month has seen:
Birthday of our mother, Queen.

XVIII

THE TWO MAY QUEENS

It was the day after the Cottontails' visit to the waving trees and the singing birds.

Grandpa and Grandma and Browny and Molly were sitting in their room at the hotel.

Suddenly Browny ran up to Nixie and whispered something into the old gentleman's ear.

Molly heard what Browny whispered, and she cried, "Me too! Me too, Grandpa!"

What do you suppose it was all about?

I will tell you. Browny had said he wished he were at home with his mamma and his papa! And that is why Molly said, "Me too!"

Then Nixie said, "We shall soon be at home. Look at the map. See, our next visit is to May Day.

And home is just a little way beyond."

It was on the first day of May that the Cottontails reached May Day.

The morning was bright and warm, and the Cottontails thought they would go to the woods to see if they could find some wild-flowers.

In the woods they could see little spring flowers peeping their heads up out of the ground.

“See the blossoms!” said Grandma. “Here is one, there is another, and there!”

Everywhere there seemed to be little violets and beautiful Mayflowers.

The wind was still chilly.

But the spring flowers are brave little things, and they blossom in spite of cold weather.

Suddenly Browny and Molly came running to where Nixie and Grandma Cottontail were.

“Look! look!” they cried. “Look at all the boys and girls!”

“They, too, are picking flowers,” said Nixie.

“And what are they going to do with them?” asked Molly.

“Let us watch and see,” said Grandma.

As the Cottontails watched, they noticed that each child carried a basket on his arm.

It was a little basket made of dainty colored paper. It was called a May basket.

The children picked all the flowers they wished. Then one little girl said, “Now let us go and dance around the Maypole.”

So all the boys and girls ran to a grassy place where there were no trees.

There, in the center of the open space, stood a tall pole. Ribbons of every color were hanging from the top of it.

Each child took hold of the end of a ribbon. Then all the children danced.

They skipped round and round, and in and out, until all the ribbons were twined around the Maypole.

Then one little boy said, “We must make a crown of flowers, and choose the fairest maiden for Queen of the May!”



They chose the prettiest little girl and led her to the stump of a tree.

There they made her sit down, and on her head they placed a wreath of flowers. They called the stump her throne. The wreath of flowers they called her crown.

The children sang little songs, and danced around their queen.

“Have you ever seen so lovely a queen as our May Queen?” they said. “She looks like a real queen.”

Then a little Brown-Eyed Boy said, “Yet she is not so beautiful as my mother! I think my mother is like a queen.”

And then all the children—even the little May Queen—cried, “And mine! And mine!”

“So let us keep our baskets of flowers and give them to our mothers,” said the Brown-Eyed Boy.

“Let us run and do that right away,” said the May Queen.

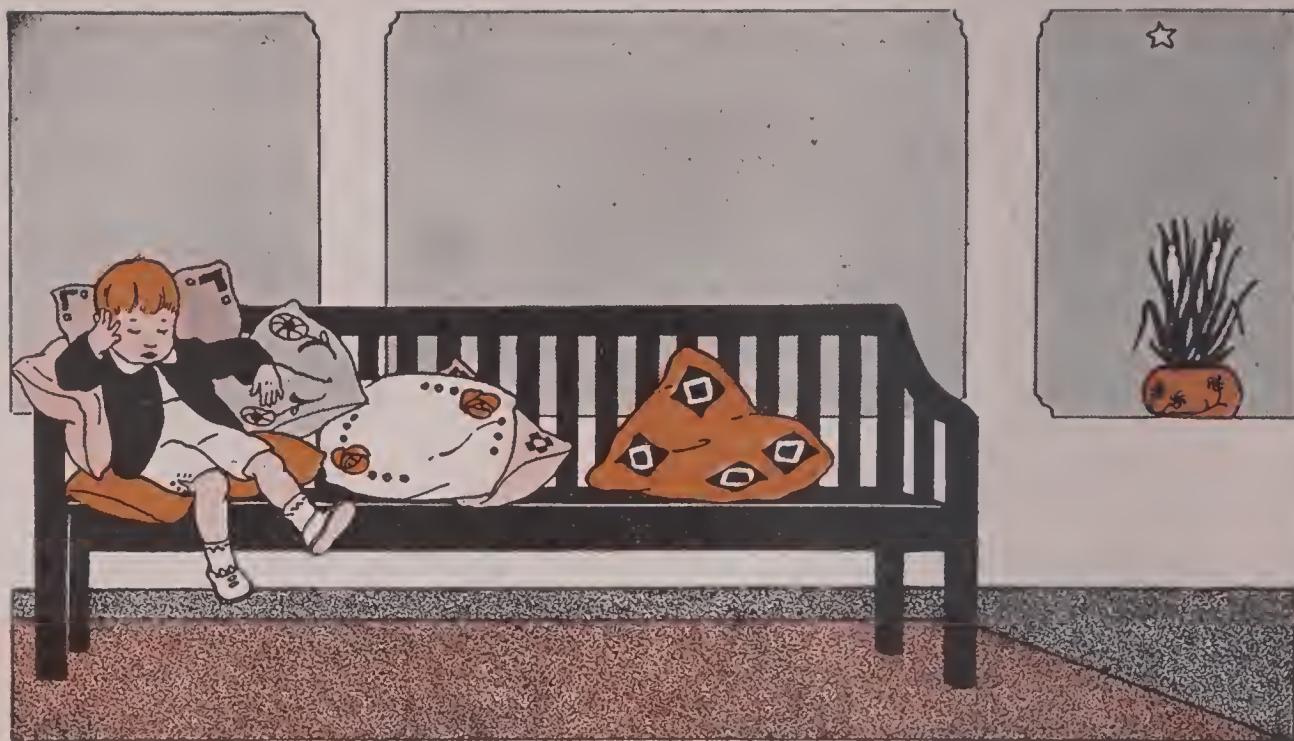
“Yes,” said the Brown-Eyed Boy, “and a week from to-day we must come to the woods again, to gather more flowers for our mothers.”

“Why must we come a week from to-day?” asked another child.

“Because,” said the Brown-Eyed Boy, “a week from to-morrow is the second Sunday in May. The second Sunday in May is Mother’s Day.

We must be sure to give flowers to our mothers on Mother’s Day. Won’t they be happy to know that we remembered that day!”

Then all the children cried, “Hurrah for Mother’s Day! And hurrah for the Brown-Eyed Boy!”



Do you ever shut your eyes
And go sailing through the skies
To the pleasant Land of Dreams,
There where all is fair, it seems?

Where the great Peace Angel dwells,
And the Eagle to us tells
How in peace the Kings shall live
And to all their friendship give?

Such a land there is, afar,
Where you see the shining star,
'Way up in the sky—so high!—
You can see it if you try.

XIX

THE PEACE ANGEL AND THE EAGLE

I

On the eighteenth day of May the Cotton-tails visited Peace Valley, to celebrate Peace Day.

Peace Valley was a pleasant place, and Nixie and Grandma and Browny and Molly had a delightful time.

But they were all very tired when they got back to the hotel.

Grandma put Browny and Molly to bed as soon as supper was over.

Nixie sat down in a big rocking-chair and fell fast asleep.

And while he slept he had this dream:

One day the Peace Angel sat on the top of a high mountain. She was weeping.

The American Eagle was flying by, and he saw her.

“Why do you weep, good Angel?” he asked.

“I weep,” said the Angel, “because to-day is Peace Day, and there is so little peace in the world.

Nearly all the nations of the world are at war with one another.”

“Do not weep,” said the Eagle. “Nothing worth while has ever been done by crying.”

“But I have done all that I can,” said the Peace Angel. “The nations will not listen to me.”

“Still, do not give up,” said the Eagle. “Perhaps I can help you.

Meet me here again in a month.”

Then the Eagle flew away.

On the same day of the next month he returned. Again he found the Angel weeping.

“Dry your eyes and come with me,” said the Eagle.

“I have brought the rulers of all the fighting nations together. Perhaps they will listen to you now.”



So the Peace Angel and the American Eagle sailed away through the air.

They flew far across the ocean, to a large building called the Palace of Peace.

Here were gathered the rulers of the nations that were at war with one another.

The Angel and the Eagle flew into the building. As they entered, they heard one of the rulers say, "Who started this war? I didn't!"

“Nor I! Nor I!” said all the other rulers.

“But one cannot quarrel by oneself,” said the Peace Angel.

“No matter who started the war, you are all to blame for it.

Don’t you know that it is both wrong and stupid to fight?

Fighting is not the right way in which to settle anything.”

“But we must fight!” said the ruler whose army was the largest. “Do you suppose I would stop fighting now?”

“Very well,” said the Peace Angel. “I have waited long enough.

I will take away from all of you your armies, and your ships, and all the things useful to you in war.

Just one thing will I let each of you have—that is, a gun.

If you rulers feel that you must fight, fight one another! Do not make your people fight for you.

If all of you are killed, I shall not be to blame.”

“No! no!” cried all the rulers. “We do not wish to die! Let us go back to our countries and we will stop the war.”

“You may go, then,” said the Peace Angel. “But you must promise that you will never bring your countries to war with one another again.”

“We promise,” said the rulers. “Only please let us go!”

Then the Peace Angel touched her hand to the head of each ruler and the touch warmed his heart.

“I believe it is safe to leave them now.” said the Eagle.

As the rulers were shaking hands with one another, the Peace Angel and the American Eagle flew out of the Palace of Peace and up, up, into the air.



Grow, flowers, grow!
For here's the month of May!
The Spring's in green array,
And everything is gay.
Grow, flowers, grow!

Come, flowers, come!
Remember the soldier brave;
To decorate his grave,
There, where the flag doth wave,
Come, flowers, come!

XX

THE PEACE ANGEL AND THE EAGLE

II

As they flew through the air, the Peace Angel said to the American Eagle:

“It makes me happy to feel that the world will soon be at peace once more.

And I don’t know how to thank you for the help you have been to me.”

“I feel honored to have been able to help you,” said the Eagle.

“If people would not get angry so easily,” said the Angel, “or so often, this world would be a pleasanter place to live in than it is now.”

“And everybody would be a great deal happier, besides,” said the Eagle.

Then, as the Angel looked at the Eagle, she noticed that the great bird had a small gold band around his neck.

From the band hung a gold medal.

On one side of it were the words, "In God We Trust."

On the other side was stamped a picture of the Goddess of Liberty.

"Love and Liberty!" said the Angel. "What two beautiful thoughts your medal bears!"

"I am glad you think so," said the Eagle. Then his sharp eyes grew very bright. "Would you like to know how I received this medal?" he asked.

The Angel said she would very much like to know.

"Well, I will tell you, then," said the Eagle.

"My country is called the United States. Once there was a war there which we call the Civil War, because it was a war between two parts of our own country.

It was fought while Abraham Lincoln was President of the United States.

The people of the northern part of the country and the people of the southern part quarreled. Then they fought.

It was very sad. The quarrel might have been settled without fighting.

And many, many brave soldiers were killed before the fight was ended.

The soldiers of the North were called the 'Boys in Blue,' because they wore blue uniforms.

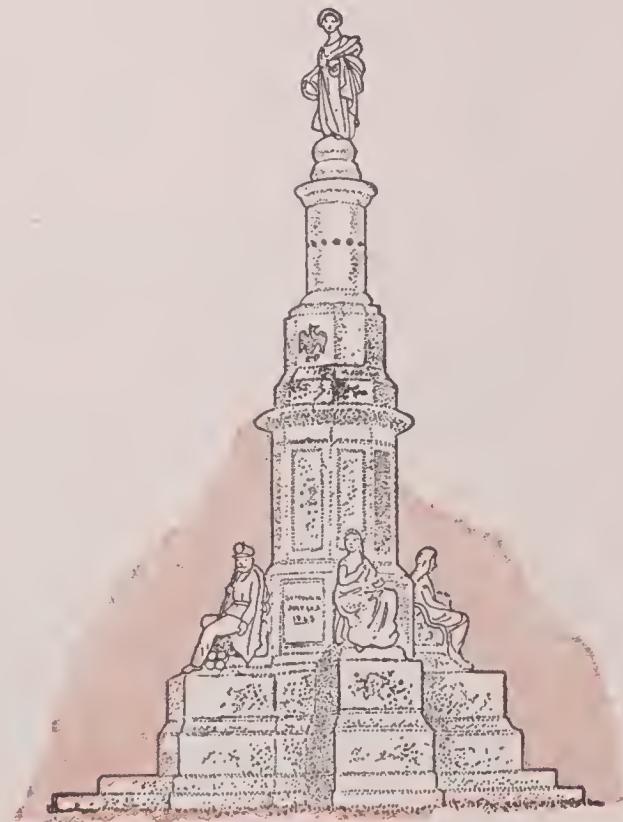
The soldiers of the South were called the 'Boys in Gray,' because they were dressed in gray.

The war lasted a long time, but at last it was over.

Then by and by the people said, 'We must teach our children to honor the soldiers who died fighting so bravely.'

So, in many of our villages and towns and cities, monuments were built.

And one day each year was set apart on which to honor our soldiers.



May thirtieth is the day. We call it Memorial Day.

Sometimes we call it Decoration Day.

On that day the grave of each soldier is marked by a flag and decorated with flowers."

"That is a pretty custom," said the Peace Angel. "I hope the children help decorate the graves."

"They do," said the American Eagle. "They pick bouquets of pretty flowers and put them on the graves."

But while the people are laying the flowers on the soldiers' graves, they pray that there may never be another war in our country."

"They do well!" said the Angel.

"And that is how I came to get this medal," said the Eagle.

"The people said, 'The Eagle is the emblem of our country.'

He travels everywhere.

Let him carry our message of love and liberty to all parts of the world.

Where there is love, there is peace. Where there is liberty, there is happiness.'

So they placed this gold band and medal around my neck. And I have worn them ever since.

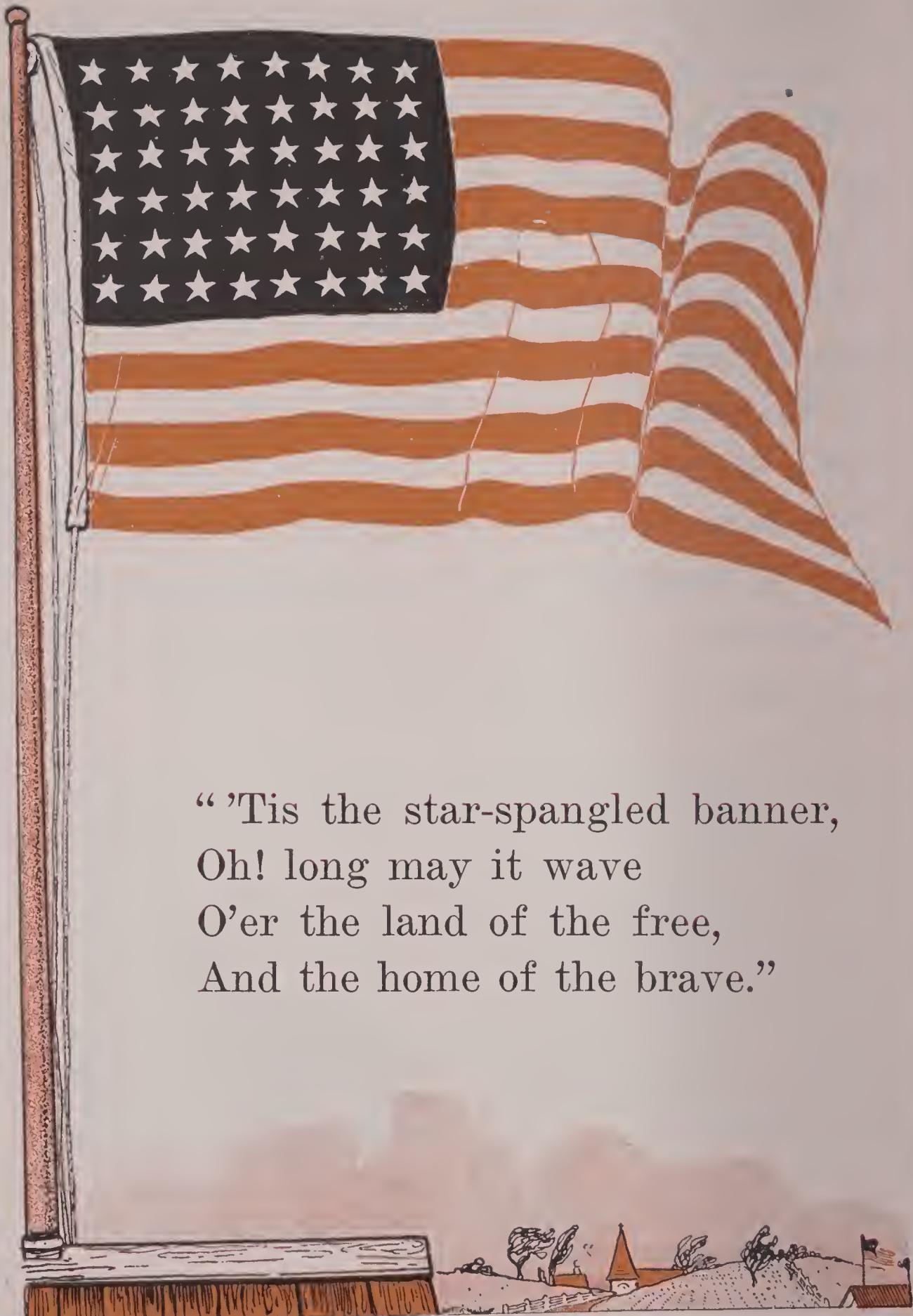
The words 'In God We Trust' mean Love and Peace.

The Goddess of Liberty means Liberty and Happiness."

"I hope all the children of your country may understand that," said the Angel.

Then the Angel and the Eagle flew away, away out of Nixie's dream.





“ ’Tis the star-spangled banner,
Oh! long may it wave
O’er the land of the free,
And the home of the brave.”

XXI

THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES

When Nixie awoke the little Cottontails were fast asleep.

Grandma Cottontail was still up, but she said it was time for Nixie and herself to go to bed. So Nixie did not say anything about his dream until the next morning.

Then when the Cottontails heard it, they said, "Oh, what a beautiful dream that was!"

And Molly added, "I should like to pick some flowers—red, and white, and blue ones—and lay them on the soldiers' graves."

"And I should like to carry a flag and place it beside the flowers," said Browny.

"Let us all go, on Memorial Day, to pick flowers to lay on the soldiers' graves," said Grandma.

"And may we not each have a flag?" asked Browny.

“We may,” said Nixie. “I will get the flags.”

And so he did.

And on Memorial Day the Cottontails picked flowers and laid them on the soldiers’ graves. They stood the little flags beside the graves.

As they looked around, they saw a large flag waving, at a distance.

Browny said, “Look, Grandpa! the flag is waving for us to come!”

“Let us go and see what it wants,” said Molly.

So they went.

The large flag was only half-way up on the pole.

“Is the flag coming down?” asked Browny.

Then before any one had time to say a word, a strange voice said:

“No, I am not coming down. I am hung only half-way up on the pole to-day, as a sign of mourning for the dead soldiers.”

The Cottontails looked around to see

who was talking, but they could find no one.

Then the same voice said, "Won't you come to my birthday party?

On my birthday I shall fly gayly from the very top of the pole! And I shall dance and be merry."

"When is your birthday, and who are you?" asked Browny.

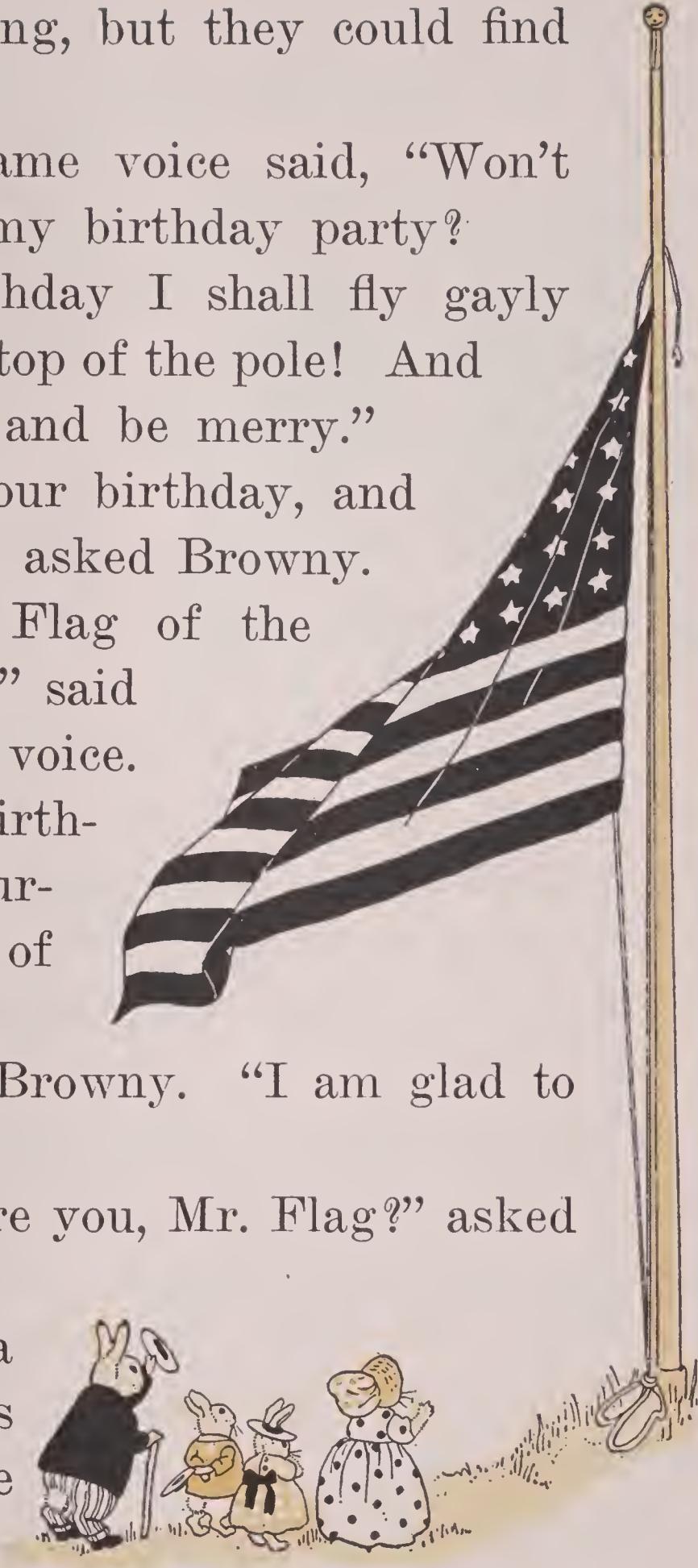
"I am the Flag of the United States," said the strange voice.

"And my birthday is the fourteenth day of June."

"Oh!" said Browny. "I am glad to meet you."

"How old are you, Mr. Flag?" asked Molly.

"I am over a hundred years old," said the flag.



“At one time our country had no flag that was really its own.

The people in different parts of the country used any flag they wished.

So there were many kinds of flags.

Then General George Washington drew a picture of a flag that would do for all the people.”

“Are you that flag?” asked Nixie.

“Not exactly,” said the Flag of the United States.

“That flag had on it thirteen stripes—seven red ones, and six white ones—just as I have now. But it had only thirteen white stars in the blue field in the corner.”

“You have many more stars than that,” said Grandma Cottontail.

“That is because there is a star for each one of the states that make up the United States,” said the Flag.

“When the first flag was made, there were only thirteen states. But now there are forty-eight.

If you will count my stars, you will find

that I have just forty-eight. There are six rows and eight stars in each row."

"Who made the flag that George Washington drew?" asked Molly.

"A lady named Betsy Ross," said the Flag of the United States. "She made the first flag.

Oh, how the soldiers of our country loved the new flag!

And the little boys! And the little girls! They loved it, too.

And I am glad that they did, because the red in the flag means 'Be brave,' the white means 'Be pure,' and the blue means 'Be true.' "





“There are many flags in many lands,
There are flags of every hue.
But there is no flag however grand
Like our own Red, White and Blue!”

XXII

THE FLAG'S PARTY

Browny and Molly were happy bunnies as they said good-by to the Flag of the United States.

They liked the story the Flag had told them. And they were glad because of that.

But they were gladder still because the Flag of the United States had invited them to his party.

Uncle Sam always celebrates the Flag's birthday on the fourteenth day of June.

Of course Nixie and Grandma Cottontail also were invited to the party.

And you may be sure they went.

At the party they met the flags of the other countries. But there was none so handsome as the Flag of the United States!

Then as the flags of other countries shook

hands with the Flag of the United States, they said, "How do you do, Old Glory!"

That is, some of them said that.

The others said, "Long live the Stars and Stripes!"

"What do they mean by Old Glory and Stars and Stripes?" asked Molly.

"Oh, those are just pet names for the Flag of the United States," said Nixie.

"How many flags of the United States are here to-day?" Nixie asked Uncle Sam.

"Well, I couldn't say exactly," said Uncle Sam, "but there must be several millions of them.

Every schoolhouse in the land has sent its flag to the party.

And so has many a home."

Just then a great many little boys and girls came marching along. And each of them carried a flag, too.

You should have seen the children—how proudly they marched along!

As they came to where stood the Flag



whose party it was, they raised their right hands and said:

“We give our heads and our hearts to God and our country. One country, one language, one flag.”

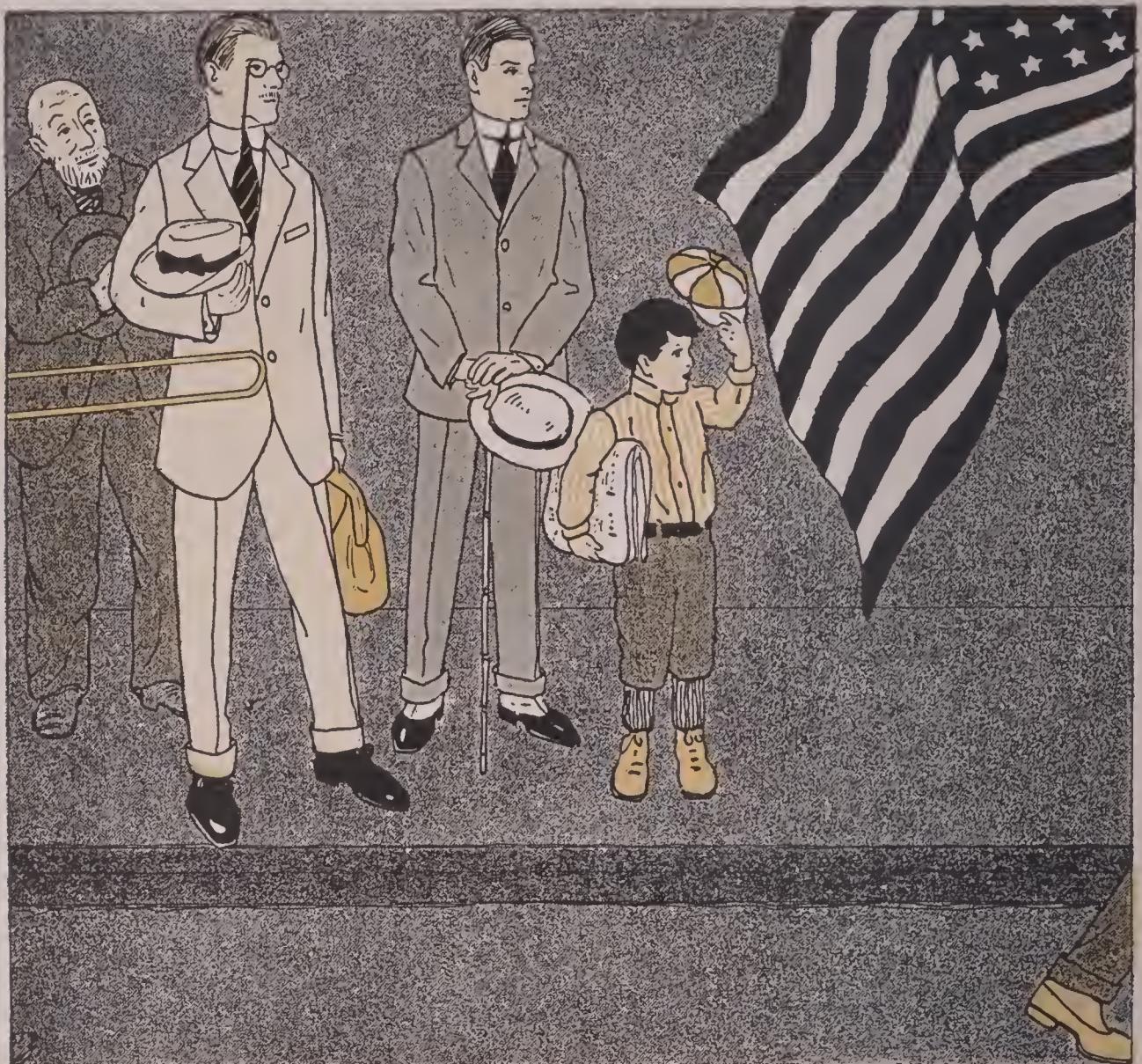
It was a pretty sight.

When the party was over, good Uncle Sam came to shake hands with the Cottontails.

He gave each of them a flag, and said, “We are going to have another party on the fourth of July. Then is the birthday of our country.

You must be sure to come!”

And, of course, the Cottontails said they would be very glad to go.



“Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky.
Hats off!
The flag is passing by.”

XXIII

THE FOURTH OF JULY

The Cottontails did not forget Uncle Sam. You may be sure of that!

Of course he was not a real uncle! “Uncle Sam” was only a pet name for him.

His right name was United States.

But he was so good, and the people loved him so, that they all called him “Uncle Sam.”

On the Fourth of July the Cottontails went to his party.

And such a party as it was!

Who were the guests?

Why, there were Mr. Independence Hall, Miss Liberty Bell, Mr. Bell-Ringer, the Honorable Bugle, Master Firecracker, and many, many others.

Uncle Sam had a regular program at his party.

And this is how it was:

Uncle Sam: To-day is the birthday of our country. We call it the Fourth of July. But its right name is Independence Day. I will tell you why.



A great many years ago this country was not free. It was not the United States.

The King of England was our king.

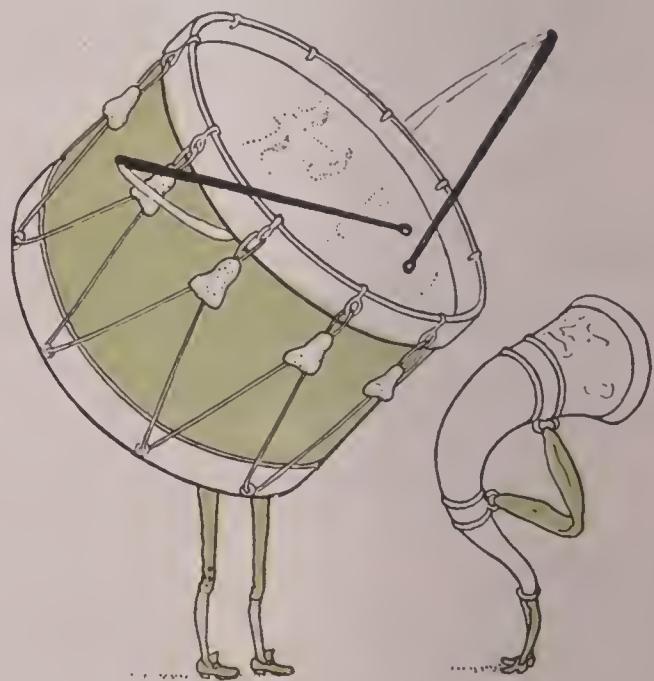
But he made unjust laws, and the people would not obey them.

They said, "We will not have him for our king. We will make our own laws."

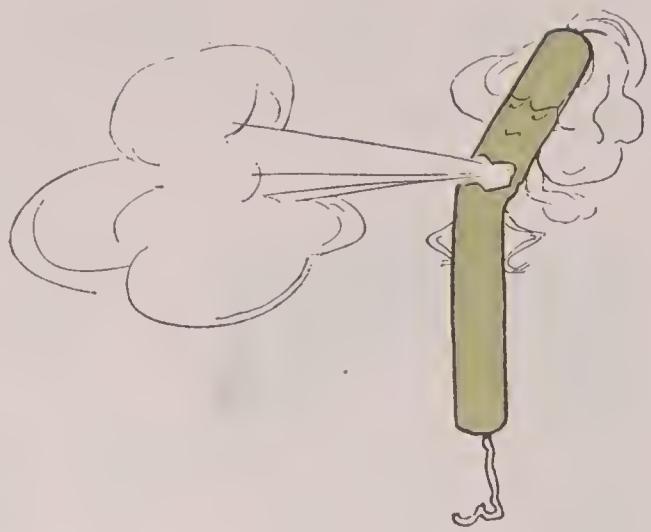
But the king said, "I will send soldiers to your country. And they will make you obey my laws."

Bugle: Toot! toot! toot! We won't obey your laws, because they are not just!

Drum: Rub-a-dub! Rub, rub, rub-a-dub-



dub! Follow me, soldiers! We will fight the king's army!



Firecracker: I am only a firecracker, but this is the way the guns sounded when the soldiers were fighting to free our country—bang! bang! bang!



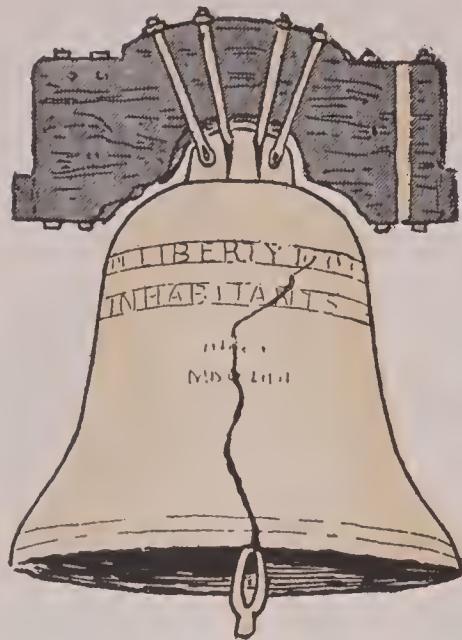
Independence Hall: Here come the leaders! They will meet in my hall to plan what shall be done. The king is sending new armies to fight our soldiers.

One of the Leaders: Here is a paper I have written. It is called the Declaration of Independence.

It tells the world that our country means to be free from England. Will you sign it?

Other Leaders: We will. We think it is the best thing to do.

Little Boy: This is the Fourth of July.
The Declaration of Independence is signed!



Ring, ring, grandpa!
Ring the bell for liberty!

Bell-Ringer: I have
been waiting a long time
for this glad news to tell
the people that they are
to be free.

Liberty Bell: Bim-
baum! Bim-baum! This
is the happiest day of my life. Bim-baum!
This is news that will be welcomed every-
where. Bim-baum!

People: Our country is to be free!
Hurrah for the Fourth of July!
Hurrah for the birthday of our country!



XXIV

HOME AGAIN



“Now we know what the Fourth of July really means,” said Browny and Molly.

Then the Cottontails hurried away to the train, and the train hurried them away toward home.

The next morning they reached Nixie’s farm and found Mr. and Mrs. Spotty and Bunny Girl and Thumpy waiting for them.

And, oh, how glad they were to be at home again!

“My, how you have grown!” said Papa

and Mamma Spotty Cottontail to Browny and Molly.

The two little rabbits could not talk fast enough. They tried to tell their papa and mamma about everything they had seen.

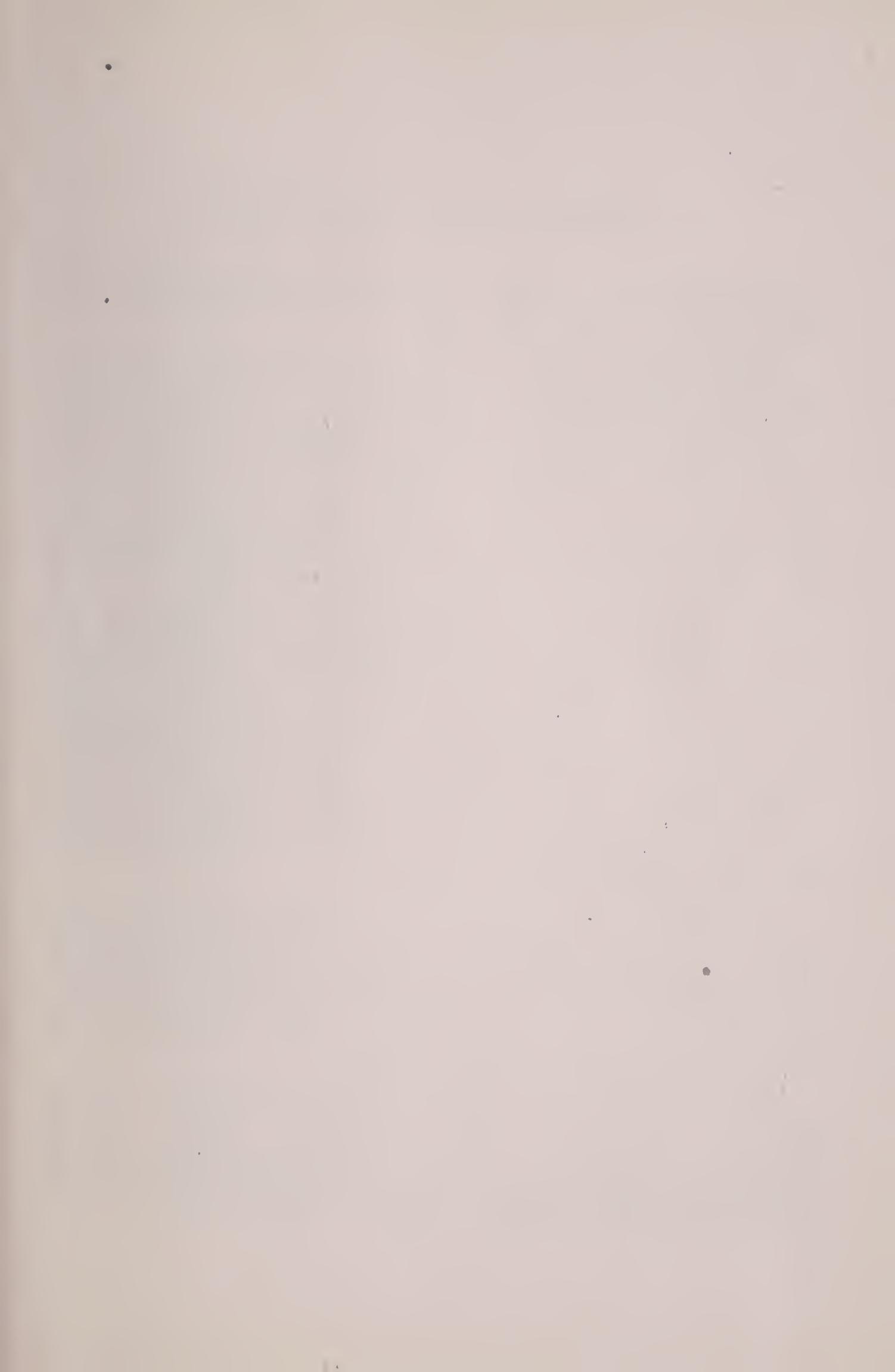
Mr. and Mrs. Spotty were glad to hear all that Browny and Molly told them. What made them happiest, though, was to have the children with them once more.

“We will never let you go away again,” said Mamma Spotty.

“No, indeed!” cried their papa. “We miss you too much.”

Then as Nixie settled down in his cozy chair, he said, “After all, there is no place like home!”

“But we never, never shall forget the happy times we had in Holiday-Land,” said Browny and Molly.



A WORD ABOUT THE BOOK

NIXIE BUNNY IN HOLIDAY-LAND is the third of the Nixie Bunny books. It is a study in patriotism and literature. It is also the "play" book of the series.

Children need to learn to play as well as to work. Holidays are play days and should be enjoyed to the utmost. However, to enjoy anything fully we must approach it understandingly. A knowledge of the meaning of our holidays is the first step toward complete enjoyment of them. The author has described simply and in some detail the significance of the various days celebrated by the American people. The conversational story form has been freely used, as in the two preceding volumes of the series, because teachers of experience know that such material gives the most vivid impression of reality.

The rabbit continues the medium for the story telling, as his presence has been found to add to the interest. Such narrative is, also, more persuasive than examples from human conduct are likely to be, especially if there is any sign that the latter have been drawn for the purpose of moral influence or guidance. The matter of the book rests on a substantial historical and literary basis. The language used is that of ordinary life; the words are those common to second and third readers, and which every child should command; and the stories themselves constitute an important item in education.

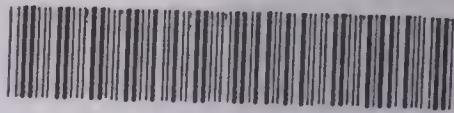
The success of the two preceding volumes of the series need not be spoken of here, though it has been such as to prove most gratifying to the author, far exceeding his fondest expectations. If the children derive from this volume the pleasure which they have found in the other books, it will have fully served its purpose, because they will then draw their own lessons from those which the book attempts to teach.

The fourth book, NIXIE BUNNY IN FARAWAY-LANDS, will complete the Nixie Bunny Series as originally planned. It will introduce the American child to his foreign cousins, and will endeavor to point out to him some of the things which through custom are taught children of other countries which it would be well for our own children to know.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00020765045

